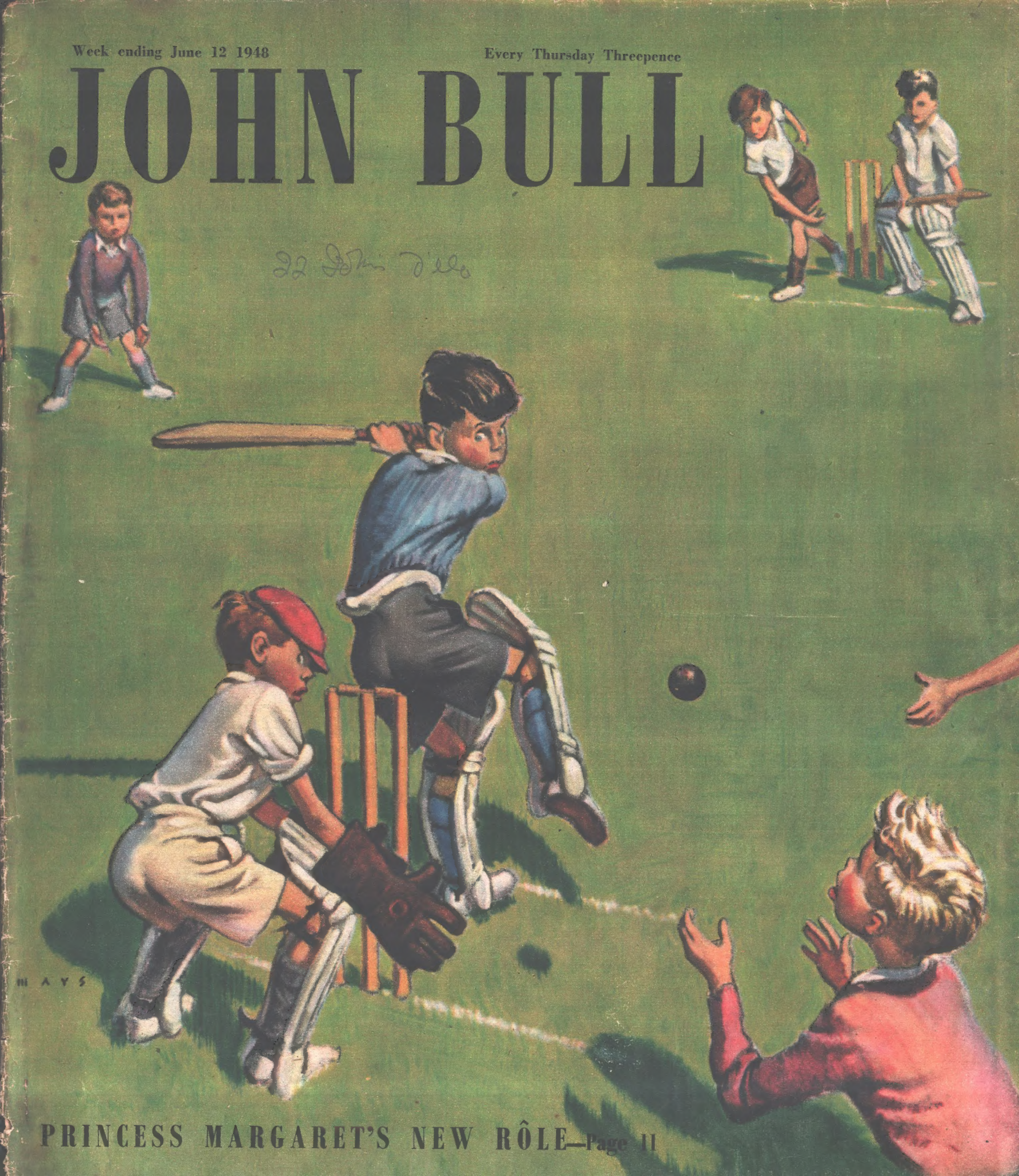
Week ending June 12 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



PRINCESS MARGARET'S NEW RÔLE—Page 11

Freedom on Trial

WE HAVE DEFENDED our freedom with our lives. Are we in danger of betraying it with our money?

OUR DEMOCRATIC FREEDOM gives every one of us the right to spend his money as he will, but we live at a time when all unnecessary spending strikes a blow at the very roots of freedom.

BY FORCING UP PRICES and increasing the demand for goods already scarce, careless spending encourages inflation. Inflation breeds unemployment, poverty, and all the evils from which dictatorships spring.

NOBODY CAN COMPEL us to save, but we ought to be clear about the fact that if we refuse to do so we are admitting that we are not to be trusted with the freedom we cherish.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

The lather stays moist—that's why men choose

Shavallo

SHAVING CREAM

Selling Agent: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD. SV161-786

"BEST FILM OF THE YEAR"

50 Awards including the coveted ACADEMY AWARD

Darryl F. Zanuck presents

Gregory PECK · Dorothy McGUIRE · John GARFIELD

in Laura Z. Hobson's

Gentleman's Agreement

The Most Acclaimed Picture in History

20th CENTURY-FOX TRIUMPH

Commencing Thursday next Leicester Square THEATRE

V.P POINT BRAND MAKES PARTY **Wine** SPIRITS CLIMB

Ask for

V.P RICH RUBY
V.P SWEET WHITE
V.P BRITISH SHERRY

9/6 EACH A BOTTLE

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY

the **LONG** *and the* **SHORT** *of it*

The tufted end of the SPA LONG-head gets at the back teeth (always the most difficult to clean), and sends you to bed with a clean mouth. In the morning the SPA SHORT-head brushes away the film that has formed on your teeth overnight.

Spa *(Regd)* Nylon or Bristle

MADE BY John Freeman & Co. Ltd. Spa Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks. 48/1

KEEPS WHITE SHOES WHITE

ORIGINAL WHITE SHOE CLEANER

SUPPLIES STILL LIMITED

Winning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

It's a good friend who recommends triple-ground 7 O'CLOCK blades. For 7 O'CLOCK are easily the sharpest and longest-lasting blades at the price on the market. *Consistently* sharp, too — every one perfect—every one the same.

7 o'clock BLADES

Now 11D FOR SIX (Incl. Tax.)

Actually COST LESS *than* PRE-WAR!

A fit man can laugh at work!

You ask the cheerful ones who take their Beecham's Pills. They'll tell you what a health-giver this reliable, effective laxative can be! If your system is out-of-sorts take Beecham's Pills and you'll soon be fit and cheerful. 1/6 and 3/8, incl. Pur. Tax. Obtainable also in Twists—3 for 3½d.

YOUR GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

THREE kinds of INDIGESTION

They all get quick relief with

BISURATED Magnesia

MANY KINDS of indigestion are caused by excess acidity — which is quickly corrected by 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This anti-acid speedily reduces the acidity and relieves the indigestion pains. 1/9 and 3/7 in Tablet or Powder form (plain or mint-flavoured).

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

It gives them a 'new look'

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste Large tube, 1/4 (inc. Tax)

* For safety's sake use a MACLEANS TOOTHBRUSH 1/6

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
JUNE 12, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2189

We Need These Hands

TWO OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT industries, coal and agriculture, are short of labour. In both, extra manpower is available at once.

But its introduction is opposed by the British workers already in these industries.

Miners in many areas block the entry of newly trained Poles into their pits. The men on the farms, through their National Union of Agricultural Workers, demand that all foreigners be withdrawn from the land.

Yet the plain fact is that we cannot afford to do without either the Polish miners or the 25,000 European farm volunteers.

How can the opposition of British workers be met? It springs from a very natural human instinct. It is no use upbraiding people for objecting to foreigners entering their occupations, when too many years of injustice and poverty still weigh on them, and too little confidence in the future has been built up.

The answer is this: the safeguards offered to British workers in their jobs must be strengthened. Every worker who is asked to accept foreign comrades must be assured *beyond all possibility of doubt* that they can never rob him of his living.

The Government must explain its agricultural plans fully and clearly to the farm workers. The Coal Board must win the miners' confidence in the security it offers to them and to their families.

And, of course, the need for every pair of willing hands in these great industries on which we all depend must be explained so that nobody fails to understand.

Then the miners and farm workers will surely recognize that a foreigner who helps manfully to win coal and food from British ground is worthy to live and work here.

The Attack on Cancer

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU that the greatest allies of disease are ignorance and fear. Both keep people from seeking medical aid in time for it to be effective.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the war against cancer, which is being intensified this year by the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

Because cancer is a terrible scourge and people are afraid of it, they will not face it. Because they will not face it, the disease too often reaches an incurable stage before any attempt is made to arrest it.

"Unfortunately in many homes the mere mention of cancer is considered improper," says Lord Hailsham. "While this attitude continues, many people who might be won back to health and strength will die."

Lord Hailsham should know. He is chairman of the campaign. Only if the public is more knowledgeable and less fearful can doctors, surgeons and research workers defeat the cancer menace.

It can and will be defeated, of course.

It is no use expecting the sudden discovery of a miraculous new drug or operational technique which will end all cancer for ever. That is not how major diseases are stamped out. They are conquered by the slow, patient progress of many workers over many years.

Perhaps there would be less terror of cancer, and therefore less fatal silence about it, if people more generally realized how much progress has been made towards cure.

Cancer of the skin has been much reduced, and great advances have been made in surgery and radium treatment. All these cures or partial cures depend upon courage—courage of the sufferer to admit his peril and get help in time.

Given that sort of individual courage, plus an enlightened and less panicky public attitude towards cancer, the scourge can be attacked with renewed success. So the present million-pound appeal by the British Empire Cancer Campaign deserves support, not only in money, but in public co-operation.

Look Ahead, Please

THIS WEEK FOR THE FIRST TIME in years, a man can buy a tie, or a woman a pair of gloves, without giving up coupons. Many other articles of clothing are down-pointed.

Meanwhile, motorists who are entitled to it have had nearly a fortnight of pleasure petrol.

So far, so good. But it may be as well to examine the complaint of a reader who, instead of being grateful, is angry because these relaxations of austerity seem to him to have been brought about chiefly by public agitation—and not because anybody really wanted us to have them!

It is true that the revision of the scale of clothing coupons was carried out after a tremendous outcry from the clothing trade; and the restoration of basic petrol followed many months of campaigning by motorists and motoring associations.

It is also probably true that neither of these concessions resulted *primarily* from agitation; they were, of course, influenced and even made possible by changing conditions. Nevertheless, there is still a warning here for those concerned with any form of rationing or restriction.

We believe that the Government's intentions are good, and agree that the policy of fair shares for all is the only sound and just one to be followed in times of shortage. But we would ask Ministers to look ahead keenly, remembering always that rationing is an unpleasant necessity to be scrapped as soon as possible. Then we might get a few pleasant surprises—and they would be real surprises.

A Great Ship

MORE THAN EIGHT AND A HALF years ago, Britain, Germany and the world were electrified by the news of a startling naval action in the South Atlantic.

The pocket battleship *Graf Spee* had been battered into neutral Montevideo by the three small British cruisers, *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles*. Then came days of drama while we waited to see whether the Nazi warship would come out again to fight. She came out, but only to commit suicide.

A menace to our sea lifeline had been removed. More deathless names had been inscribed on the roll of British naval history.

Now, one of those names is in danger.

H.M.S. *Ajax* is for sale to foreigners. Chile negotiates with our Admiralty to buy her.

Ajax was one of two light cruisers which continued to harry the *Graf Spee* with their six-inch guns after *Exeter* had been smashed by the enemy's eleven-inch guns.

Ajax was—and is—a great ship. She ranks in naval honour and public sentiment with *Victory*, *Lion* and *Warspite*.

She should not be sold to Chile, or to anybody else, for the sake of a few thousand pounds.

Time marches on!

We've all a job to do, a part to play
To turn our economic night to day.
That's why I ask just now
"Your patience, please.
My own part takes me mainly overseas."

JOHNNIE WALKER

MAXIMUM PRICES as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association "Red Label" 33/4 per bottle 17/5 half-bottle "Black Label" 35/4 per bottle

Born 1820—still going strong

Manikin Moments . .

Soothe away the austerities of the day with the Mild Havana Flavour of these grand little cigars.

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 for 2/8

Made by J. R. FREEMAN & SON LTD. (Established 1839) royds 48/1/1

This is the Gin

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

My washing is dazzlingly different!

NEW RINSO

NEW standard of WHITENESS

R 185-943 *Selling Agents:* HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

The Two Queens

R.M.S. 'QUEEN ELIZABETH' AND 'QUEEN MARY'

listen with K-B RADIO

The radio broadcast receiving apparatus in the world's greatest liners—"Queen Mary" and "Queen Elizabeth"—was designed and built to the specifications of International Marine Radio Co. Ltd., exclusively by K-B.

I—So can YOU

Models CR 20 and 25. 5-valve superhets A.C. and A.C./D.C. with Balanced Feedback for superb quality and sensitivity. Hand some cabinet of walnut veneer. £21 . 10 . 0 (Plus Purchase Tax)

From K.B. Authorized Dealers only.

KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED · FOOTSCRAY · KENT

WHITEWAY'S DEVONSHIRE CYDER

16 PER SCREW OR FLAGON Bottle Extra IN SCOTLAND 18

From Devon Soil and Devon Sun,
Come golden apples by the ton,
To make this sparkling family treat—
Whiteway's Cyder Nice and Sweet.

MEDIUM-SWEET OR DRY

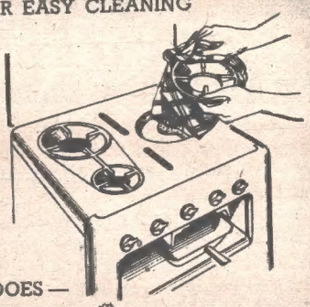
CVS-103

'CAMP'

FAMOUS FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOUR

GAS COOKERS FOR EASY CLEANING

Smooth, rounded corners, streamlined burner plates and gleaming white enamel.



HANDSOME IS and HANDSOME DOES—

That's the GAS idea

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL · 1 GROSVENOR PLACE · LONDON · SW1

To please the palate, to bring back vitality, here is a stout, supreme in quality, mellow in flavour, richly satisfying.

MACKESON'S STOUT

sets you up wonderfully

When your job demands an instantly kindled, fully controllable flame, you can't do better than buy a Buflam Blowlamp.
Robustly constructed in polished brass with air-insulated handle of rustproof steel, the Buflam is widely used by painters, mechanics, and handymen the world over. Available from all first class Ironmongers and Stores.

Buflam
BLOWLAMPS

CHARLES TWIGG & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 22

He *looks* fine

He *feels* fine

HE TAKES

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
in bottles - 2/5½, 4/4
LIXEN LOZENGES
for the children, Fruit flavoured in bottles 2/2
From Chemists only
It's an Allenburys Product
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

L618

In the home for a LIFETIME

No. F.1. 2 pint Café Teapot. Stocked by leading Ironmongers & Stores. Price 7/6

SWAN BRAND

ALUMINIUM DOMESTIC WARE & ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Identified by the Quality

BULPITT & SONS LTD. (Dept. Q), ST. GEORGE'S WORKS, ICKNIELD ST., BIRMINGHAM 18

M.W.102

"My Floor's like a Mirror!"

A lovely Glossy Finish that will not scratch. Needs no polishing.

I'm delighted

Thanks to DARKALINE

HIGH STAIN GLOSS

For a better *GRIP* on drilling jobs

See the Leytool Hand-drill at your local tool-shop. Beautifully engineered and designed. Makes drilling a pleasure. *Write for illustrated literature describing other interesting Leytools.*

PRECISION HAND DRILL

Pat. No. 587049.

LEYTONSTONE JIG & TOOL CO. LTD., Leytool Works High Rd., Leyton, London, E.10 (*Leytonstone* 5022-3)

The Bristles won't come out...!

To tell you the truth it has been known for a faulty brush to slip through. Shame on us! If you should get one send it back and we'll replace it at once.

Production up—Prices down!

Harris—the paint brush with a name to its handle

L. G. HARRIS & COMPANY, LIMITED, STOKE PRIOR, WORCESTERSHIRE

CRC11

The Dilemma of Mrs. X

by a Barrister-at-Law

In blackmail cases, "Mrs. X" or "Mr. A" cloaks the victim's identity and softens the blow. But checking blackmail at the source calls for a modified public attitude to "sinners"

A blackmailer has struck. Should she come to terms or fight back at him?

IN A CASE at the Old Bailey a few weeks ago, a postman was said to have opened an envelope addressed to a married woman and found that it contained a letter in affectionate terms written to her by a man abroad.

The postman demanded money from the woman as the price of his silence. In a word, blackmail. Fortunately, the woman did not hesitate to tell her husband and the postman was duly caught and sentenced.

But not all intended victims have the courage to defy blackmailers. Not all are in a position to throw down the Duke of Wellington's challenge to a courtesan who threatened to include him in her memoirs. "Publish and be damned!" said the Iron Duke.

Professional blackmailers choose their prey carefully: a family man who fears to lose the affection of his wife and the respect of his children if they learn of his lapse; a doctor who is building up a general practice; a bank manager; a schoolmaster. Each of these, and they are only types, is fair game for the blackmailing pest.

Although the essence of blackmail is to seek to extract money from somebody by threatening to disclose a secret chapter in his or her life, the crime takes many forms.

The worst is when the blackmailers are personally responsible for their victim's predicament. Take what has been known for generations as "the badger game."

A woman persuades the intended victim to visit her flat. A confederate takes photographs of them and, after a while, approaches the victim and states that these will be sent to his wife or employers unless he buys the negatives for a large sum of money—to be paid, of course, in pound notes.

If the man is foolish or frightened enough to fall into the trap, he will discover before long that the blackmailers have carefully prepared alternative sets of negatives and require more and more money as the price of secrecy.

Poses as Husband

Another common trick is for a blackmailer to demand money by pretending to be the husband of a woman with whom the victim has been found, as happened in the notorious "Mr. A" case a few years ago.

A wealthy Indian prince came to Europe for the first time. He and his secretary met two attractive young women at a ball in the Albert Hall in London and soon afterwards left with them for Paris.

The prince's aide-de-camp, an Irish scamp, had come into contact with two London crooks, Montagu Noel Newton, whose speciality was confidence-trickery, and William Cooper Hobbs, who ran a disreputable solicitor's office.

One night, with the connivance of the aide-de-camp, Newton burst into the Paris hotel room where the prince was in bed with his paramour and, stating he was her husband, told the prince that he had now secured the evidence he required for a divorce.

The aide-de-camp assured the startled Indian that the India Office would never allow him to ascend the throne to which he was the heir if he were involved as co-respondent in a divorce suit, and persuaded him to make out to the "husband" two cheques, each for £150,000! The first cheque was cashed, but the prince consulted his solicitor about the other and payment of it was stopped.

Public's Intolerance

Ordinary Britons are broad-minded enough in their privately expressed attitude towards those who commit matrimonial or sexual offences, provided that these are not such as to cause harm to others. But unfortunately our *public* attitude towards such "sinners" is puritanical in the extreme. For example, only recently a Member of Parliament who had been divorced by his wife found a "purity" candidate put up against him at a by-election by an influential group of his constituents.

If we are not so scrupulous in public—some of our courts are astonishingly mid-Victorian in their attitude to these matters—the blackmailer would not find so many opportunities to reap his evil harvest.

Ambitious public men are fair game for this pest. It is not so in France where, though family life is far stricter than here, politicians are not penalized for minor domestic peccadilloes.

In any country and in any circumstances, however, the situation must necessarily be complicated if the blackmailer's victim has been guilty of some form of crime which cannot easily be passed over in the public interest.

Suppose, for example, a cashier is fool enough to take his employers' money and is threatened with exposure by a blackmailer. He can scarcely feel much confidence in his future employment if he makes a clean breast of the matter.

A victim's desperate courage in risking exposure in order to bring a blackmailer to book should surely be recognized as a mitigating factor in dealing with the original crime.

Even where the intended victim whose lapse was long ago, and not very grave at that, stands up to the blackmailer and dares him to do the worst, this, unfortunately, does not always mean that the threats will vanish into thin air.

Indeed, what may well happen is that the blackmailer sends one of the milder of the incriminating letters or photographs to the person whom the victim least wishes to see them, with a threat to send more if his demands are not met—just as kidnappers have been known to post a child's ear to its parents as a hint to pay the ransom quickly.

The problem of foiling blackmailers is far from straightforward, and we have to face the fact that, on the petty scale, blackmail thrives in Britain today because of postwar conditions of controls and restrictions.

Many a housewife, motorist or farmer probably has some tiny skeleton of a broken regulation in the cupboard. Now and then some shady individual will suggest that it would be worth buying his silence with cash or kind.

The Disgrace of It . . .

In all blackmailing cases which come before the courts, the utmost is done to spare the victims from publicity. It is common form now, if the victim requests it and the circumstances permit, for his name to be suppressed and an initial substituted.

This device works reasonably well in cities like London, where the chance of the victim being recognized when he gives evidence is necessarily small (though it must sometimes happen that a juryman or a chance spectator may know him). But in the smaller assize towns, he will be fortunate indeed if his identity is not detected, and it might be in the public interest if blackmail trials were heard in a cleared court or transferred to an assize town at a distance from their place of origin.

At the same time, one must note that such precautions can create fresh dangers. Open courts are important for the proper administration of justice. Moreover, it sometimes happens that the real villain is the pretended victim, who has trumped up a case of blackmail against the prisoner in order to discredit him and to avoid paying him money to which he is legally entitled.

Finally, what should one do if threatened by a blackmailer?

Undoubtedly the worst possible line of conduct is to give way in the slightest degree. Such weakness only whets his appetite, and any payment, whether described as a first or a final one, will almost certainly lead to further demands.

The usual advice one hears is to go at once to the police, but I am not at all sure that this is always correct advice. Many a man and woman will shrink from the ordeal of confessing to several police officers, no matter how outwardly sympathetic, the offence (or alleged offence) at the bottom of the trouble.

It is far more satisfactory to consult a reputable local solicitor.

You may be certain that he is far better qualified than you to tackle the blackmailer in the first place and to put the circumstances before the authorities if this should turn out, after all, to be in your best interests.

THE ARMY WE NEED

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

If the conscript system does not meet Britain's security requirements, what should take its place? A military expert puts forward his views

A POWER WHICH PLANS aggression is better placed to combine the quantitative advantages of conscription with the qualitative advantages of the professional soldier. She can concentrate her highly skilled troops as, when and where she chooses, while employing her conscript masses to occupy the conquered territory.

But her opponents, in trying to defend themselves, may easily be caught off their guard if they have to call up their conscript reserves, and their defence is more likely to break down where it depends on semi-trained men.

In 1940, the quick collapse of Holland and Belgium, as well as of France, demonstrated the frailty of a defence thus composed.

The Dutch had mobilized 400,000 men, but their defence was disrupted by the thrust of five German parachute battalions, one division of air-transported infantry, and one armoured division—little more than 30,000 *picked* men. The Belgians called up 900,000 conscripts, but their frontier defences were pierced by 500 parachutists, who seized the bridges over the Albert Canal, followed up by two armoured divisions (about 30,000 men) which burst through into open country.

These collapses were the more significant as a lesson in the fallacy of conscription because the armies that so quickly collapsed had at least been allowed time to mobilize their strength.

That is unlikely to be the case in future. The impression of numerical strength provided by such a "national insurance" policy is a dangerous illusion in modern conditions.

A Reserve? We Have It

Is it really necessary for us in Britain to depend on such a precarious policy—sacrificing not only quality of training but the chance of having an adequate force ready for emergencies?

In defending our conscript system, it has been argued that it is required for the creation of a trained reserve.

This argument, however, ignores the fact that the war created, and has left us, an immense reserve of men who have had years of training *and* war experience. By contrast, men who spend a mere twelve months in a peacetime army can hardly be reckoned as really trained—and the risks of relying on semi-trained men in modern warfare have been shown.

So the postwar conscripts are not a necessity but a superfluity—at any rate for a number of years ahead. Our war-experienced soldiers could be kept up to date by quite brief "refresher" training in the Territorial Army, but it is unlikely that many of them will be keen to join this force once it loses its volunteer character and becomes a compulsory reservoir of postwar conscripts. So we may lose both ways.

Our Main Problem

Keeping up the strength of the Army appears the main problem. But is conscription a sound solution?

Much depends on our ideas of what strength is needed, and what is meant by "strength." If we are aiming at a number round about 340,000 men—the anticipated number a year hence under the present system—it is unlikely that we could reach that total without conscription. But, as we have seen, that is no measure of real, operational strength.

Even with our present total of 527,000, we have far fewer effective formations than we had before the war with an Army only one-third of the size. Indeed, our effective strength has not been so weak since the time before the Boer War!

In 1939, we had ten divisions (three being armoured) in England and the Mediterranean, while the British troops in India helped to form four more divisions there which could be used to reinforce the defence of the Empire.

By contrast, it is said that now, in 1948, we have only two infantry divisions and one armoured brigade. A well-informed soldier M.P., Colonel Gomme-Duncan, questioned even this claim in the Army debate, saying: "I do not believe that there are two divisions which could be put into the field today as an effective fighting force."

It is clear that we should be operationally stronger to meet emergencies with an Army of considerably smaller size if it was entirely composed of regulars.

In prewar years we had a Regular Army of over 200,000 men—rather more than the total of regular soldiers we expect to have this year. But of that prewar number, nearly 60,000 were serving in India.

Now that they are released for employment elsewhere, an Army of the same size as before the war would represent nearly fifty per cent increase in the forces available in the West and the Mediterranean area. It is the drain of training the conscript infusion that has forfeited the benefit of that large potential addition to our operational strength.

It is unreasonable to assume that we could not raise a larger Regular Army on a voluntary basis, but we ought to ask ourselves whether the inducements we are offering, and the conditions of service, are good enough to attract sufficient volunteers.

Since his entry into office, Emanuel Shinwell has been active in seeing things for himself. He has been refreshingly frank in his comments. In January he declared: "The public does not seem to realize that the Army for the most part, from the rank and file to the officers, are living in quarters which civilians would not be prepared to accept."

More recently, after seeing a camp in the Northern Command, he was reported as saying: "If I had to live in a camp like this, I would probably go berserk."

The British Army does not go berserk, but its members express their feelings over bad treatment in ways that, while compatible with discipline, are detrimental to recruiting.

Damp, Dingy, Disreputable

It is doubtful whether the hardships are sufficiently known. Let me give some fuller examples over a wider range, and combine them with some constructive proposals.

Fifteen of our barracks, as Shinwell stated, were built before the Napoleonic wars and are so "damp, dingy and disreputable" that they ought to have been pulled down long ago. But most of the others are not much better, and lack most of the amenities that any decent civilian accommodation has. The only good ones are the "Belisha" barracks that were built under Hore-Belisha's reforming drive in 1937-39.

Some of our troops at home are housed in wooden huts that were built by French prisoners of war in the eighteenth century and condemned after the Boer War. Many others are in hutted camps that were built during the last war, but are also not weatherproof.

I will quote the experience of some of the units which have been occupying them:

"They were built under the trees, for camouflage reasons. During the winter they leaked and were generally very damp. No coal was available for heating, and the men's blankets in the damp period were soaked. There was no coal even for the drying-room. The men used to draw a hot brick from the cookhouse to put in their beds to help in drying them."

The morale and recruiting of units returning from overseas has been markedly affected—all the more because those in Germany have been living in the barracks "that Hitler built," where the men had hot sprays, cupboards and sheets.

One such regiment "returned with some 250 young soldiers who were keen to sign on as regulars. The regiment was sent to an overgrown hutted camp, with the result that they have withdrawn their applications to stay on."

Moreover, the bad barrack and camp conditions drive men to get away whenever possible at weekends, and the stories they tell at home damp others' thoughts of enlisting.

Although new barracks cannot be quickly built, conditions could be improved by providing cupboards for the men to keep their clothes clean and dry, and sheets for their beds. And if it were not for the congestion caused by conscription the worst kinds of accommodation could be discarded.

When a Soldier Marries

Married quarters are utterly inadequate. This causes all the greater hardship because a higher proportion of soldiers have got married, with official encouragement—since the age at which marriage is recognized for allowance purposes has been lowered from twenty-six to twenty-one (and from thirty to twenty-five for officers). They now find themselves indirectly penalized, as the allowance falls far short of what is required to pay the high rents demanded for civilian houses, even if these can be found—which is impossible in many areas.

In the present state of overcrowding, families that have to move frequently are particularly handicapped, and soldiers are in that "floating" category of the population.

They ask why they cannot have their share of prefabs, and feel that, compared with other Services and official establishments of a civilian nature, they have not even had their fair proportion of such married quarters as are being built by the Ministry of Works.

That feeling is backed by facts. The R.A.F. expects to have 1,440 new married quarters completed this year, while the Army, although the larger Service, will not get more than 600, if that.

Even worse difficulty is found in getting married accommodation in the Middle East and Far East. Unless men can live with their wives while serving at home they may always be separated, in fact though not in law. This condition is aggravated by conscription, as this threatens to increase the extent to which the regular will have to spend his service career in these distant parts.

It deserves remark that all these difficulties and excessive costs tend to bear even more hardly on the officers than on the other ranks. Those who are married and have children to educate are particu-

BEHIND THE SCENES OF FAMOUS TRIALS

THE WORST MISCARRIAGE of justice in more than forty years. . . . That is how C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, barrister-at-law, describes the case of David Weitzman, the M.P. who, after the lengthy "cosmetics" trial at the Old Bailey, was sentenced to twelve months and fined £500—only to be acquitted without a stain on his character by the Appeal Court.

The Weitzman case is important, says Bechhofer Roberts, because of the light it focuses on grave defects in our present criminal administration. His analysis is the first of a series of articles in which he takes JOHN BULL readers behind the scenes of trials which have been the talk of Britain.

C. E. Bechhofer Roberts

Besides being a barrister, Bechhofer Roberts is a writer of novels, plays and biographies. To his trial postscripts he brings the drama of the actual courtroom. More than that—legal points that puzzled laymen at the time are explained in layman's language. Each famous case is vividly relived, as not only the prisoner but prosecution and witnesses as well are subjected to a final, brilliant cross-examination by an impartial counsel.

★ *Watch out for the full story of the Weitzman case in next week's John Bull*

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Soldiers live here! Grim married quarters like these in Westminster are no recruiting advertisement for the Regular Army, says Liddell Hart

larly hit. That is bad for the efficiency of the Army, since officers whose minds are filled with financial worries cannot concentrate properly on their job of training, or give the time to study that would make them better at the job.

If the Government cannot provide them with decent quarters, it might compensate them for the high rents they are forced to pay in many of the places to which they are posted.

The disadvantages of service in the Army have grown, since the improvement of pay rates that was made after the war has proved an illusion. The taxing of allowances plus the continued high rate of tax plus the rise in the cost of living have resulted in most soldiers being worse off than they were before their rates were increased. And the circumstances of their "movable" life mean that they feel the pinch harder than the more static civilian.

Under austerity restrictions, theirs is a case where "mobility" hampers "flexibility" instead of helping it.

Even the nominal increase in the rates of Army pay compares poorly with the rise in civilian wages. That sharpens the soldier's sense of being at a disadvantage in other respects, such as having to move at short notice and serving away from home.

Moreover, the skilled "tradesman" in the Army now gets the same rate of pay as the infantryman until he reaches sergeant's rank. That was reasonable in wartime because of the infantryman's greater risks, but it does not work in peacetime—where the Regular Army has to attract such tradesmen in competition with civil demand.

The natural result was registered in the War Minister's admission that recruiting for the technical branches was "seriously short"—by 33,000 men.

His Food and His Dress

The cut in Army rations sharpens the soldier's sense of unfair treatment at the same time that his outdoor exercise sharpens his appetite. He points to the way that so many civilian workers benefit by canteen and restaurant meals beyond their rations, and because of their higher wages can better afford to buy extra food to "fill up."

The continued lack of a really smart dress is another drawback, more important than is commonly realized, while the ludicrous type of beret issued to the infantry—made out of old Army cloth—does not enhance the soldier's appearance or his self-respect.

These deficiencies need to be remedied, and at the same time he should be provided with something better than the kitbag to carry his clothes and other belongings. The modern soldier has little sentimental feeling for "the old kitbag," and would prefer something like an expanding suitcase.

The depressing effect of his present dress is deepened by the extent to which he is employed in "fatigues," and the regular's share of this burden has been increased by conscription. Keenness is soon blunted when the man who volunteers for the Regular Army out of zest for soldiering finds that he is condemned to spend his time as an odd-job man of a menial kind.

"Fatigues" have always been the bugbear of the Army. After the first World War General Maxse made a vigorous but eventually unsuccessful push to gain sanction for creating civilian employment companies that would free the soldier for his real work of becoming militarily efficient. The Navy and the R.A.F. have recognized the need and employ large civilian staffs. The Army should, too.

Beyond all these required improvements in the conditions of service in the Army comes the need to give the prospective Regular soldier a better assurance of his prospects after completing his service. The man who enlists on impulse and then regrets it tends to be poor value for the money spent on his training.

We want the kind of well-balanced man who chooses an Army career deliberately; for the better he has weighed his choice the more we can rely on him to pull his weight. But the man who looks ahead may never join the Army at all if he does not see a fair chance of getting a decent job in civil life at the end of his service.

We need a much more extensive scheme for the resettlement of soldiers in industry. It ought to be easier to achieve this now with the increased nationalisation and governmental control of industry, if the trade unions will help it as they should.

It must be accompanied by adequate training for the job. To avoid diminishing the Army's efficiency and readiness it would be better if most of this training were provided after the soldier has finished his service than before his release.

Give it a Fair Chance

No one is justified in declaring that it is impossible to raise an adequate Army without conscription until we have really tried to give the voluntary system a fair chance—by giving the Regular soldier a fairer deal. In past experience, every real improvement in his conditions of service has been followed by a rise in the flow of recruiting. A more adequate improvement than has yet been attempted would carry the prospect of a bigger rise than ever before.

Even in the early 1930s, when conditions were very bad and pay cut down, we had about 185,000 Regulars recruited by voluntary enlistment—and today we have about the same number. By 1939, following Hore-Belisha's reforms, we had raised the number by nearly 50,000.

With a new wave of reforms, on the lines I have indicated, it should be possible to produce a Regular Army of 250,000 or more. That would give the Army an operational strength better than before the war—and much better than we expect from the present mongrel system of trying to produce an Army from an ill-assorted mating of conscript and regular.

Emanuel Shinwell and Field Marshal Montgomery are both men of exceptional drive. There is good reason to think they could attain the target if they were given the means and freed from the incubus of conscription. At present they are shackled.

A Regular Army of 250,000 would cost less than we are paying today, while being far more effective in proportion to its numbers.

We should be able to produce ten divisions fit to operate—allowing for the necessity of a larger technical "tail" than prewar, but also for a clipping of its overgrowth in the interest of both economy and mobility. At least three or four of the divisions should be armoured. The others should include airborne divisions, and all should be so organized as to be capable of being transported by air, without their heavier equipment, to any danger-point at short notice.

That is the Army we need—and might attain.

LIFE GOES ON

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

As a dashing young guardsman Grandfather had lots of charm but no money. A trifling obstacle, he said

We were disturbed by Chernikov. He glared at me. "Come, Anastasie," he growled. "Time we were going"

WHENEVER I READ of a politician or the chairman of a board facing the future with confidence, I have to laugh. They're saying what my grandfather said, only he meant it. He died saying it, on an operating table in Paris after a taxicab had knocked him over.

He couldn't speak properly any more, but his lips mouthed the words and I knew what he was saying. He was saying, "Life goes on." And he winked at the nurse.

That is the sort of man he was. You wouldn't know anything about my grandfather. He never got his name printed anywhere. He never did anything except enjoy himself and show me what it was all about, but he did both of these things very successfully. And when you come to tot up all the little things that made him tick, you have the sum of a man. Men aren't so plentiful that you can overlook one.

I was seventeen when I was sent to him. He was supposed to be managing the French branch of the firm. We had our own vineyards in Provence, and the wine was bottled in Bordeaux, but all the same grandfather had his office in Paris.

He loved it. There was a small, sad clerk who did all the work. He was a Russian, too. Now and again, grandfather would look in to sign a letter or pinch the typist's bottom. But mainly he used to take clients to dine. He was very good at this. He liked clients and he liked to dine, and there is no doubt that in his own way grandfather was a great asset to the business.

My father had started the business. He was a White Russian, but, unlike most of them, he was a serious man, and had taken the precaution of investing money in France before the Russian revolution. While the archdukes and princes were driving taxicabs or playing the piano in restaurants, my father was keeping the family in comfort, and looking carefully around for a business. I was born in Paris, and my grandfather had not yet arrived there when our family left for England.

Now, at seventeen, my father sent me back to learn the French side of the business and improve my knowledge of the language.

Grandfather was waiting for me on the platform. He had a photograph of me in one hand and his hat and cane in the other. He was a small, plump, white-haired man with a little goatee beard. Under his jacket, straining at a single button, he wore a very light-patterned double-breasted waistcoat. There was a carnation in his buttonhole.

I was a tall, awkward youth, and coming down the high step of the train I was having trouble with my two large bags. Behind me was a wonderfully chic young Frenchwoman, and I was blushing in an agony of confusion, not knowing whether to let her descend first, or to get out and take her bag. As it was, I was twisting and turning with my own baggage, knocking her knees, treading on her feet.

Grandfather and I spotted each other at once. Before I could move, the old gentleman was embracing me. My shame was awful. Being kissed with such fervour by an old man on a public platform was bad enough, but being kissed while this girl looked on was appalling. I extricated myself as soon as I could.

Grandfather took my arm fondly and we strolled along the platform. We were almost out of the station before I remembered my bags. I panicked at once.

"Pouf!" said grandfather. He cleared his throat, expectorated violently and suddenly roared, "*Porteur!*"

In a minute he had arranged everything. I gazed at him with dumb admiration. He linked his arm through mine and we strolled leisurely out of the station into the sunlit street and the cafés.

"An aperitif," said grandfather.

We sat at a table on the pavement.

Grandfather chatted. He chatted about the sunshine and me. He said I was a fine young man. "We will make something of this one," he said to me, affectionately squeezing my elbow. He chatted about an aperitif. He chatted about life.

"Life is beautiful," said grandfather. "It is always moving, always changing A million incidents in the same day, and so many wonderful days. Ah, youth!" said grandfather. "What wouldn't I do with all your days before me?" Then he laughed. "You know what I would do? I would do the same things again. Every one." He punched me playfully.

He chatted about everything, until he suddenly remembered that he had not asked after my parents. Father was his son. I said they were well and my brothers and sisters were well. Grandfather sighed a little, then he looked at me and his face cleared again.

"You are not like your father," he said, gaily. "Not one feature."

"I have the family chin," I said.

"*My* chin," he corrected me, proudly. "Look." He lifted his goatee. "Feel."

I felt his chin, with great embarrassment, while he felt mine. Nobody

Continued on page 10

PRIVATE EXCHANGE

by HUBERT COLE

The way things are with him, it's a wonder that he can work at all. Yet he worries about whether he's pulling his weight

UP TILL SEPTEMBER, 1939, Tommy Gaygan was a shop assistant in Aldersgate in the City of London. Today he is a telephone operator in Hinde Street, a turning out of Manchester Square.

Neither occupation is unusual. There are thousands of telephone operators up and down the country; and still more thousands of shop assistants. But the reason why Tommy took up telephone operating, the strange features of the private exchange which he operates, the unusual way in which he operates it—these are the factors which give interest to Tommy's story.

It begins not so much in October, 1920, when Tommy was born in Chelsea, as in January, 1938, when Tommy, with crises beginning to loom, decided to join the Forces. The Navy was his choice, until the petty officer at the recruiting station wanted to know how old he was. "Eighteen," said Tommy, adding a year for luck.

"Come back when you're a man," said the sailor. Tommy now looks back on the incident with a grin, but at the time he was pretty mad. He went straight round to the depot of the 7th Queen's, in Braganza Street, Newington Butts, and got himself into the Territorials. His father, who had been in the previous lot, refused to sign the enlistment papers. Tommy got somebody else to do it.

Back Via Dunkirk

By the time Tommy really was eighteen, the war was on. Tommy went over to France, and in due course came back from France, via Dunkirk. "I was lucky—I got out a bit sharp. But a lot of our boys stayed there."

Later he was transferred to the Recce Corps and sent to Egypt. He went with the Eighth Army across the desert and up the Tunisian coast to Enfidaville.

At Enfidaville the detonator exploded.

At least, Tommy thinks it was a detonator. He is still not quite sure. He was sent home and, after a couple of months in hospital, found himself at a training centre in Church Stretton. He had lost the sight of both eyes. He had become one of the 1,500 men and women of the 1939-45 war whom the St. Dunstan's organization helped and are still helping.

His fellow trainees included South Africans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, men and women from Poland, France, Holland, Belgium and the Sudan. Among those still at St. Dunstan's are a Persian officer, a Burmese and a petty officer from the Indian Navy.

Tommy says he had a good time at Church Stretton. The food was good, the local people were kind. "Used to get a lovely cup of coffee down at the village—nearly all milk," he says and smacks his lips. The patients arranged their own concerts and Tommy took part, playing the bass drum and the trombone and even having a go, though without any great success, at the xylophone.

Like the others, he learned to use a typewriter, but it was difficult to think up a permanent vocation for him, a job at which he could both earn some money and feel that he was doing something useful. "Sometimes," he says, "I didn't think I'd ever work." Indeed, it is not easy to imagine how Tommy found enough patience and determination to carry him through the three years of training, for his wounds did not end with blindness.

The explosion at Enfidaville had also blown off both his hands.

It was a problem for St. Dunstan's, too. The war had produced many men who had been maimed as well as blinded. Fifty had lost one hand, twenty had lost both.

In spite of their injuries, they had to be found jobs in which they could regain their feeling of independence.

A Bit Awkward

To use a typewriter, Tommy had right-angled hooks attached to the stumps of his wrists. When he practised the trombone, somebody had to fix the body of the unseen instrument to one artificial hand and the slide to the other. "A bit awkward, that was," says Tommy, "because, if I got fed up with playing, I couldn't get rid of the thing until somebody took it off, see?"

His fingers, which are the eyes of the blind, had gone. He could not see to use the artificial aids that were strapped to the ends of his arms. "Sometimes I didn't think I'd ever work."

But he did work. At the headquarters in Regent's Park he was taught to use a special switchboard devised by the St. Dunstan's research people and the G.P.O. To look at it, you would not guess that it is a switchboard. There are no switches, no numbers or letters or dials or metal eyelids to flick up and down.

There is just a box with three or four bars running across the front of it, and rows of holes between the bars.

Tommy wears a thin metal rod on the end of his right arm. He rattles this down the bars to find the correct row, then runs it along the grooves to find the correct hole. He "dials" by plunging the rod into the various holes in turn. With his feet he works half a dozen buttons and a couple of pedals; like an organist. His exchange, in a little room at the back of the ground floor, has three outside lines and nine extensions.

His Travel Problem

He comes on duty at ten and leaves at a quarter to four. The hours are governed by the availability of the orderlies, who escort Tommy in on the Baker Street line from North Harrow each morning and, unless his wife happens to come to town, go home with him again in the afternoon. At lunch time, the sighted workers at Hinde Street take Tommy over with them to the central St. Dunstan's canteen in Park Crescent, a quarter of a mile away.

Tommy was married in July last year, a few months after he had been back into hospital for an operation on one eye. It was a grafting operation on the cornea, and was not successful. "I *thought* I could see for a time—but then it's natural to think things like that. It's the imagination, you know."

At home, he listens to the wireless a lot and sometimes he and his wife go to musical or variety shows—or they get tickets from the B.B.C. They go out for walks and visit friends and relations. Tommy smokes quite a bit and likes listening to books being read, though he doesn't let his wife read to him very much.

He knows he might forget how tiring it could become for her. He might get so interested that he would forget to say: "Go easy."

There is a gramophone in his little room at Hinde Street and, when the switchboard is idle, he can listen to a talking book. It's a Margery Allingham detective story at the moment (thrillers also come high up on Tommy's favourite wireless listening), but he has had most pleasure recently from Victor Hugo's *Les Misèrables* and Hugh Walpole's *Rogue Herries*.

The reader counts almost as much as the book itself—perhaps a little more. Alexander Scobie and Lionel Gamlin are his favourite voices.

He likes talking and laughs a lot—particularly when remembering his days in "the Shining Seventh," where they blancoed even the strings on the water-bottle corks. He thinks those were very good days. He says he wishes he could have seen the splash of colour when the Household Cavalry turned out for the Royal Silver Wedding.

As with all other St. Dunstan's men, Tommy's career will be watched over by the organization for the rest of his life. He would have been looked after even if he had failed to summon up the depth of character and courage which saw him through the dark years of training.

He has no complaints, yet there is a hidden undertow in the conversation which drags it back always to his work at the switchboard. ("I suppose it's quite different from an ordinary one, but I wouldn't know, because I never saw an ordinary switchboard before. . . .") He seems to be trying to pull *his* part of the job to pieces.

"The trouble is, I can only get one number at a time. If somebody else asks for a number before I put the first one through, I can't write it down, you see, and it wouldn't be any good if I could—and it's difficult to remember it. I have to ring them back and ask again."

Any Other Firm—

Or: "I don't get many calls on here—sometimes not more than about ten a day. Of course, this happens to be a busy morning." Which indeed it is, for the calls are almost continuous.

And, finally: "Yes, they've been very good to me at St. Dunstan's. I don't reckon any other firm would employ me—they'd expect me to do another job as well, wouldn't they?"

It is then that one spots the clue to Tommy's restlessness. There is a little niggling worry at the back of his mind. He is not sure whether he is paying his way with society.

He incurred certain handicaps when he lost both his hands and the sight of both his eyes in Tunisia five years ago. He has done what he can to make up for that; but he would not want the rest of us, the bustling, capable people with two good hands and two good eyes, to think that, today, he is not doing enough.

Tommy Gaygan operates the special switchboard that has no switches. The rod he wears does the dialling

LIFE GOES ON: from page 8

looked. We went on feeling each other's chins. Paris, I began to suspect, was certainly a queer place.

Grandfather ordered pernod.

Occasionally, at Christmas or at a family celebration, I had taken wine. But this was the first time I had tasted strong drink. I found the aniseed flavour of the pernod pleasant but disturbing, still aware that it was something I shouldn't be doing.

Grandfather slipped a cube of ice in my glass from the little bucket on the table, and stirred it round for me.

Soon the drink began to take effect. It was very pleasant and gradual, like a golden haze settling delicately over all Paris. The café, grandfather, the hooting cars, the passers-by, became suddenly magical and familiar. This wonderful green potion was changing the world.

The golden glory of late afternoon tipped everything with a gilt lustre. Grandfather was right; he couldn't be more right. It was a beautiful world, and anything could happen in it. I was suddenly eager that something should happen.

I became aware that grandfather was watching me, chuckling delightedly. He took my hand.

"You like Paris, eh?"

"Like it?" I said. "It's great. It's wonderful. It's music and poetry all rolled into one." My French had gone, but grandfather understood. He went on chuckling. We had another pernod. Grandfather chatted and laughed. He offered me a cigar. Boldly I accepted it.

I cannot recall a detail of the journey to grandfather's house. I remember beginning to unpack and then suddenly bolting for the bathroom and being violently ill.

It was a memorable introduction to what I had formerly looked upon as the vices of drink and tobacco. I am glad to say the old gentleman introduced me to many more before the taxi struck him down.

An incident that stands out from those early days is the way I learned about my grandmother. There had always been something of a mystery surrounding grandmother at home. She had been dead for many years, but her photograph was in the family album. As my parents were unusually evasive about it, it had become for me the most attractive one in the book.

ONE afternoon, grandfather and I were sitting at a café table. It was a sweltering hot day. Grandfather loved the heat and said so.

"I prefer it cooler," I said.

"My boy," said grandfather, "you must first experience cold, real cold, before you can appreciate the benefits of heat. If hell is as warm as it is reputed," he said, "that is where I wish to go.

"The night I ran off with your grandmother it was thirty degrees below freezing point. The breath became solid in the air. The sweat from the horses turned into icicles. Every half-hour one had to stop to wipe them down to prevent them being cut. Cold?" said grandfather. "It was the Ice Age."

"Tell me about grandmother," I asked him.

Grandfather sighed deeply, lighted a cigar and took a sip from his glass.

"A fine woman," he said. "One in a million. Such devotion. Such disregard for personal comfort! Who else would have driven two hundred versts for love in that winter?"

"Tell me," I said.

Grandfather shook his head, sorrowfully.

"Youth!" he said. "What a thing it is. I was young, handsome, strong as a lion. I could have had the pick of any ballroom in Petersburg. But did I take the easy way? No. I had set my heart on the unattainable."

Grandfather paused to snap his fingers at the waiter for more drinks.

"There was only one thing I lacked," he resumed. "Of course, it was of no account, but the business men considered it all-important. I had no money. A commission in the Guards, yes. Connections with the nobility, yes. Virility, beauty, the courage of a lion—all these, but no money.

"NATURALLY, to old Chernikov, this was an insurmountable barrier. He was the richest banker in or out of Moscow. A nasty, wizened, clammy-handed rogue whose spine I could have snapped like that! And rich as he was, he wanted still more for his daughter. He kept her in seclusion. Perhaps once or twice a year she would come down to Petersburg in the season. But the rest of the time he kept her at his estate in Novgorod across the Volga."

"How did you come to meet her?" I asked.

Grandfather's eyes grew soft.

"My fourth cousin, Count Alexei Alexandrovitch, had an annual ball. It was the event of all Petersburg. Of course, I was invited. That year, Alexei invited Chernikov the banker, too. There was the matter of a loan. Chernikov brought his daughter Anastasie."

Grandfather took the glass from the waiter and looked at it against the sky.

"Her eyes were as clear as this. Beauty? I had seen nothing like it. She had a calm, still poise. She was the Mona Lisa; she was all that was most sacred and enigmatic in woman. Her eyes had a sweet, imprisoned sadness.

"I was captivated. On all sides, I had booked for dances. But I forgot everything. There were no other women in the world. Only this divine creature from the country.

"I danced once, twice, three times with her. We exchanged hardly a word. I was afraid to speak. My lips trembled. There had never been such beauty before. She was tall and fair and slim, like a beautiful vase. I was almost afraid to touch her.

"Then her father came over and took her off. All night, I watched her. I could not take my eyes away. I danced with other women, but all the time my eyes were following her.

"Towards the end of the evening, I screwed up my courage and took her to some refreshment. We talked. Her words were like pearls, each separate and distinct. Yes, she said, she wished she could attend more balls. But her father preferred her to stay in the country. He was afraid the excitement and the whirl of town life would fatigue her.

"I could see encouragement in her eye. The blood was coursing through my veins with excitement. I asked her questions. Did she have relatives in Petersburg? Could she not get herself invited there for the season? Could we not meet again?

"My ardour communicated itself to her. A gleam came and went from her eye. But there was no tremor in her voice.

Yes, she had distant relatives in Petersburg, but to think of staying there for the season was impossible. Her father would never allow it. Perhaps Moscow, where he had his offices, but certainly not Petersburg, where he could not keep an eye on her.

"Did she not wish to see me again? I asked her. Ah, yes, she said. I took it as an invitation. If she could not come to see me, then, by hook or by crook, I would find a way of going to her. At that moment we were disturbed by her father and her maid.

"'Come, Anastasie,' Chernikov said, glaring at me. 'You will over-tire yourself. It is time we were going.'

"Time they were going!" exploded grandfather. "It was not a minute after 3 a.m. That is the mealy mouthed sort of scoundrel he was, this Chernikov. However, there was nothing to be done about it. The maid had brought her cape and her boots. So we shook hands and parted."

"And how did you see her again?" I asked.

My grandfather smiled, and wiped the cigar ash from his waistcoat.

"It was not easy," he said. "But youth and love can surmount all obstacles. I mentioned that my cousin Alexei Alexandrovitch was negotiating a loan. That day, in fact, Chernikov had left papers for him to sign. They were to be returned to Chernikov's office in Moscow. I implored Alexei to think up some fresh clause that would need further negotiation—and to let me do the negotiating, to act as an intermediary on his behalf.

"Alexei was a good fellow (may he rest in peace). All he wanted was half a million roubles and he didn't mind a great deal how they reached him. He racked his brains and thought up some trivial point.

"A few days later, after I knew that Anastasie and her father had returned to Novgorod, I was presenting myself at the door of their mansion. I had got myself a week's leave from my regiment, and you may take it from me I was dressed for conquest. The dove-grey uniform with the facings. The jaunty shako set at just the right angle. I had stood in front of the mirror for a full hour before I was quite satisfied.

"Chernikov was a good deal surprised and a trifle suspicious when he saw me. I could see the mean look come into his eye at once. He had expected a clerk or a steward of some sort. But he was hospitable, and offered to put me up. He thought perhaps that the negotiations might take a day or two."

GRANDFATHER chuckled with pure joy. "A day or two! As if I cared a fig for the silly piece of business. I resolutely refused to compromise. Each day, small insignificant points would arise in the deal, which any two sensible business men would have dealt with in a spirit of compromise. But not me. No compromise. Every day, I got my own way over some minor issue. And every evening, after hours of wrangling, I dined with Anastasie. The most surprising thing was that old Chernikov was positively mellowing towards me. The more difficult I became, the greater respect he had for me.

"On the fourth day, he even left Anastasie and me together for an hour. An enchanted hour! I adored her. That night, we exchanged our first kiss. I remember it now. But better still do I remember the sudden bellow of rage that interrupted it. Chernikov was standing over us, livid and shaking. He was speechless, but his arm, raised to the door, needed no words to explain its significance.

"I went. In the huge hall, as I struggled into my furs, Anastasie's small, dark maid was waiting.

"'If you should wish to pass a note . . .' she whispered.

"'Of course,' I said with excitement. 'At the inn in the morning.'

"The next morning the girl was there. I had been up most of the night, composing the note. It was a proposal. Could I dare hope, I had written, that

Continued on page 21

Island Story

WHEN I GAVE our gardener a cup of tea (without a saucer, owing to the shortage) he blew lustily to cool it, then remarked: "Strikes me, Mum, if we don't get some saucers soon we shall forget how to drink proper."—*Mrs. B. H. Bland, 127 Mere Road, Leicester.*

★

BATHING HER NEW BABY, a friend noticed her other young son looking behind the baby's neck. "What are you looking for?" she asked. "The Utility mark," was the reply.—*Miss E. M. Lockwood, 43 Newsome Road South, Berry Brow, Huddersfield.*

★

MY SMALL SON AGED nine has a sports jacket with inverted pleats. With great difficulty I got him to wear it for school one morning. At lunch time he said, "I'm not wearing this jacket again."

"But it's a lovely jacket," I said.

"Maybe," he replied glumly, "but all the boys call me a spiv."—*Mrs. J. Fisher, 9 Northway, Leamington Spa.*

★

THE OTHER NIGHT my wife and I paid a visit to my mother, who is seventy-four. We were discussing the recent coupon concessions, and I mentioned that Harold Wilson had taken Lisle stockings off coupons and that she ought to get some.

"Oh those things," said mother disgustedly. "Why, only *old* people wear those!"—*R. Mays, 61 Dallinger Road, Lee, London, S.E.12.*

Readers' personal experiences reflecting the times we live in win one guinea on publication. Mark entries "Island Story." Postcards only, please

"I always begin by putting aside one or two for the staff"

PRINCESS MARGARET'S NEW RÔLE

Since her elder sister left home to get married, Princess Margaret has taken on fresh tasks, blossoming out as a distinctive teen-ager—not that she was ever merely a "carbon copy" of Elizabeth

by HILAIRE SOMERS

IN ALL FAMILIES younger sisters have their problems. They are overshadowed by more mature older sisters; they suffer the indignity of handed-down clothes; they tag along at the end of the family procession; they are liable, when not simply overlooked, to find themselves being used as the less flattering factor in comparisons.

Princess Margaret has been no exception to the general rule; and has had the additional problem of being presented with a ready-made obligatory job when she would quite obviously have preferred freedom from the restrictions of royalty and a chance to make her own career—probably musical, certainly artistic or creative.

When, in her fifteenth year, she emerged from behind the wartime security screen, there seemed little hope of her successfully filling the rôle for which she had been cast by birth. She envied her elder sister the privileges of going to grown-up parties, being allowed out "on her own," and having new clothes; but she had no wish to share with her the solemnities of state occasions, the pomposities of public appearances.

"You look after your Empire and leave me to mind my own business," she would say to Elizabeth. She said it so often that it became a family joke, but it was made only half in fun.

Always less self-conscious in public than her sister at the same age, she said the first thing that came into her head, preferred picnics to sit-down meals, fidgeted when she was bored, turned round to stare at anything that caught her eye, and stopped to re-tie her shoelace if it became uncomfortable. Nobody could persuade her to take the "Princess business" as seriously as her sister did.

A Busy Young Woman

The day when Margaret assumed her uncongenial responsibilities could have been put off until she officially came of age, on her eighteenth birthday in August this year. That was the original decision. Yet scarcely a week now passes without the *Court Circular* recording her attendance at one function or her forthcoming appearance at another.

She has won an immense amount of public favour, established herself as a minor leader of fashion and overcome most of the "younger sister" handicaps at the very early age of seventeen. Nobody could be more surprised than those closest to her.

The beginning of the change can be traced to her first solo appearance in public, which she made quite by accident. In September, 1945, Princess Elizabeth was due to appear at a review of four thousand members of youth organizations in Aberdeen. But she fell from her horse and was ordered to rest. Margaret offered to deputize. She helped rewrite Elizabeth's speech, delivered it perfectly, and showed no shyness.

It was nearly a year before she had her next engagement, again in Scotland, and in connection with children's welfare. This time she delivered a jolt to the staid officials who thought that royalty should restrict themselves to smiling approval and keep their criticisms to themselves.

"I don't much care for the name of our league," she announced. It was the Scottish Children's League of Pity, of which she is president. Somebody explained that a change was in view, but there were complications. "Then shall I give a Royal Command?" asked sixteen-year-old Margaret.

Two or three times after this she demonstrated her own ideas about the proper behaviour of royal visitors. In the East End of London she politely but firmly demanded to talk to the children "with as few adults as possible present, please."

The South African Tour

Her real chance came when the royal tour of South Africa last year established her position as an adult member of the family. While Elizabeth had to wait until she was nearly twenty-one before being abroad, Margaret was starting an Empire tour little more than half-way through her teens. At sixteen, Margaret was a sophisticated young lady, where Elizabeth had still been a schoolgirl.

In South Africa, Margaret was in the public eye for weeks at a time instead of only for hours as in Britain. It called for a lot of self-control in a girl who enjoyed practical—and other—jokes, dashed exuberantly in and out of rooms, illustrated conversation with excellent mimicry, and expressed pleasure with impromptu dances and annoyance by making faces.

The size of the royal party and the greater informality of the Dominion left the young girl to cope for herself with requests for autographs and questions about her sister's rumoured engagement.

Margaret grew up visibly during those weeks. She almost, but not quite, managed to keep a straight face when an over-ambitious curtsey ended in an ignominious capsize.

On the Royal Family's return, she was given her first major public engagement—the launching of the *Edinburgh Castle* at Belfast.

What was certainly not foreseen was her blossoming out as a coming fashion leader. Until a year or two ago, she inherited most of her clothes from Elizabeth, who always kept well ahead of her in growth. The handing-down process did not stop until both princesses became so frequently photographed that there would have been obvious embarrassment in Margaret's appearing in recognizable secondhands.

For the South African tour she was promoted to having her whole wardrobe created for her by the Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell. Though she has fewer clothes than her mother or sister, and less money to spend on them, her "dress conferences," at which the Queen is present to exercise her right of veto if necessary, have become important occasions.

In appearance, dress taste, personality, the two sisters are far apart

Smart clothes are still a novelty to her and she would rather be uncomfortable than dull. With a twenty-three inch waist and only five feet two inches tall, she can afford to wear exaggerated styles and plentiful trimmings that would look clumsy on a larger woman. She likes dressy clothes, sequins and frills for evening, flower garlands for afternoon, and patterned materials in place of Elizabeth's self-colours.

More of a Fashion Plate

Since glamour makes a better picture than tailored neatness, she is more of a fashion plate than her sister. At the moment, none but the under-twenties would dare follow her lead, but her delight in novelty is quite likely to make her Britain's best-dressed woman of the future.

In all this business of finding her feet, Margaret has been helped by providing a complete contrast to her elder sister. Now that she has come into full public view, and particularly since her sister's marriage, it has become completely apparent that she is far from being a "carbon copy" of Elizabeth.

It would be hard to find two sisters so close together in age and sympathy and yet so far apart in appearance, taste and character. Only in their voices do they resemble each other; so much so that even relatives have difficulty in distinguishing between them on the telephone.

Whereas Elizabeth has outgrown her childish prettiness, so that her attraction now lies in lovely hair and colouring and pleasing expression, her young sister has developed into a beauty, the best-looking member the Royal Family has had for a long time. Her hair, which looks dark in photographs, has in reality retained its fairness. Her eyes are large and blue, her features delicate. Her complexion needs only a little cream and powder, though lipstick is still sufficiently new for her to put it on so thickly that Elizabeth exclaims: "Oh, Margaret, not so much."

Less seriously minded than Elizabeth, she diligently reads the newspapers every

Continued on page 15

Eire needs only a third of the food her fertile acres can produce, but she lacks coal. Britain has the coal, lacks food. Why aren't our plans dovetailed? HARRY HOPKINS continues his Report on Eire

Pony cart carries churns of milk down Main Street, Tipperary. Butter, oddly, is still rationed. Something's seriou

DAIRY ON BRITAIN'S D

I CAME DOWN THE Irish Mail gangplank and went across the road for breakfast. "Bacon and eggs, sir?" said the waiter. And there they were, in the plural, sitting on the plate like something out of an American magazine, with a month's bacon ration nestling alongside them. When the coffee came there was some white stuff floating on the top.

Last year two million English people—more than one to every two Irish—crossed St. George's Channel to eat that bacon and those eggs, drink that creamy coffee.

Which raises a question: couldn't they have got them without all that trouble—at home?

After all, the two islands are very handily placed, side by side. They are populated by people who know and even like each other. Their planned economies could dovetail nicely. Britain's basic trouble is lack of land to grow food; Eire lacks coal and heavy industry. They have the land; we have the coal. So how about those bacon-and-eggs?

The trade figures hurl a bucketful of cold water. We mobilize mechanized armies to wrest nutriment from the remote African bush, but from eleven million fertile acres on our own doorstep we get next to nothing. Because Irish farmers have next to nothing.

Something is badly wrong somewhere. I took the bus down to Limerick to find out what. For there, if anywhere, I thought, I should surely pick up the trail of the bacon-and-eggs. There, in that ancient grey city, looking out towards the New World, the new Eire—heralded by the Shannon Hydro-Electric Scheme twenty years ago—would surely be showing through.

As the bus ploughed on across the island, my hopes faded.

Don't believe that Emerald Isle stuff! All along the road, all across Ireland, the fields were brown with rushes. I remembered the bitter words of the agriculturalist in Dublin: ". . . centuries of dreadful neglect . . . most inefficient agriculture in Western Europe.

Another authority had gone further. His adjective was "Asiatic."

Would Prefer Old Customer

At Roscrea, where we stopped to eat, the streets were full of shaggy young cattle and gossiping farmers. They, at least, had cause enough for good humour. Ireland is enjoying a cattle Bonanza. Europe, restocking after the war, is buying heavily at good prices.

But Dillon, the new Minister, says: "Eire would prefer to deal with her old customer, Britain."

If only we'd be reasonable. The Irish farmers can't bear watching the English farmers buying their young cattle cheaply, keeping them a few weeks and then raking in a greatly enhanced price, subsidized by our Government. That's the "price differential," and it's a very sore point with the cattle men. They can't, they complain, get down to long-term beef plans with Strachey until it's ironed out.

Cattle's the bright spot. There aren't many. In Limerick I found the famous O'Mara bacon factory an empty cavern with only a handful of workers forlorn in one corner. "All I can tell you is bacon's in the doldrums," said Stephen O'Mara. He picked off his desk the Government's weekly statement of pigs killed. Less than 3,000 in the whole of Eire. And there are thirty-nine bacon factories!

Stick-in-the-bog Farmers?

I went out to Tipperary through some of Eire's richest dairy country. Creameries dotted the road. Yet butter's rationed and there's next to none for export. Of course, you can blame the war for a good deal. But couldn't Eire grow her own animal feeding stuffs? "The Irish farmer's the most conservative animal on earth." Is that the answer?

Maybe. But it's hard to blame him. His farm is small. Probably £200, got together through the years, is all he has in the world. Naturally he's not going to risk that if he can help it. So he starves his cows, expects his pigs and hens to feed themselves. He wants something for nothing—and that, unfortunately, is just what you don't get farming.

And if the farmers' sons have picked up new ideas, most likely the old man clings tightly to the reins till they're as stick-in-the-bog as he is. You hear many a tragi-comic tale in Eire about these farmers' sons and their strange, slave-like existence, with 2s. 6d. spending money on Saturdays.

Look at the back of an Irish penny. You'll find a comfortable hen parading her chicks. Then look at the Irish farm. You'll find a few scrawny fowls scratching desperately around the farmhouse—pin-money for the farmer's wife. That's hen farming in Eire.

That was why what I came across at Caherconlish was so encouraging. I saw a bit of Eire's agricultural New Deal hatching out in a 16,000-egg incubator at the creamery under the trained eye of twenty-year-old Miss Donnelly, from Monaghan.

Miss Donnelly's incubator is a link in a network of 1,000 hatcheries and poultry farms to be set up under the Three Year Egg Pact with Britain. The scheme, which will cost each country around £1,300,000, aims to double Irish egg production and, in particular, to supply Britain in the winter months.

Well, at least that shows that Point No. 1—an increase in productivity—in the New Deal Government's Ten-Point Programme isn't just words. Today Eire's farmers are ready for a new lead. "*We've* got a good man now, anyhow," said the farmer at Roscrea. But the good man, Mr. Dillon, was busy on his own farm at Ballaghaderreen in the middle of Connaught.

The Man with a Plan

It was in an upstairs room in Dublin's stately Merrion Square, at the desk of Dr. Henry Kennedy, big, blunt secretary of the Irish Co-operatives' Agricultural Organization Society, that I finally came to the end of the bacon-and-eggs trail.

Henry Kennedy is a man with a plan. It's an ambitious, even startling, plan. By it, Kennedy believes that without importing a bushel of foodstuff Eire could feed herself well on one-third of her acreage while using the remainder to export as much dairy produce as New Zealand, as much bacon as Denmark, and about a million cattle as well.

"If you said we could quadruple our production, you wouldn't be far out," he said.

Eire's best raw material, he believes, is her rain. With that she would be able to produce unrivalled pastures—if the Irish farmer ceased to regard grass as a gift from Nature, if he would cultivate it, apply the lessons of modern grassland husbandry, converting it into silage to feed in winter the livestock he now starves.

What the Englishwoman Said

Kennedy points to Denmark. On two-thirds of Eire's acreage, Denmark feeds a larger population and exports five times as much produce as Eire.

A farmer himself, Kennedy is hard-headed, downright, dedicated. His plan demands formidable capital expenditure on farm buildings, machinery, fertilizers. But my guess is that its worst hurdles would be neither financial nor technical, but human. I thought of something an Englishwoman said when I'd talked about the poverty of the Irish. . . . "Yes, but don't we forget something? They're so *happy*!"

Too happy to care about nice equations worked out on demonstration farms?

The dynamic of Denmark's farming revolution was generated through a network of farmers' co-operatives. But in Eire co-operatives touch only a fringe. How to galvanize 300,000 isolated individualistic farmers into such radical changes in their centuries-old ways?

In the little village of Bansha under the slopes of the Galtee Mountains, I found a man with an answer to this second half of Eire's fundamental problem. He was

wrong—there could be lots to spare

ORSTEP

the parish priest. "Co-operatives can't get you anywhere unless they're based on a co-operative state of mind," he said. "But just get the people together as a real community—then things will begin to happen."

That was the faith which eleven years ago had led Father J. M. Hayes, then a curate at Tipperary, to found Muintir Na Tire. Muintir (pronounce it "winter") Na Tire is Gaelic for "The People of the Land." It's an organization of parish guilds.

Everybody in the village is invited to join the guild. Then each section—farmers, labourers, business and professional men, youth—sends a representative to the parish council. In place of the bickerings which have all too often been the curse of the Irish village emerges a plan to brighten life and increase prosperity.

Bought a Tractor, Started a Cinema

The kindly little man by the fire looked across the big desk with the cross on top to where snow-crowned mountains were framed in the high study windows.

"No use talking about improving the international situation," he said. "You and I can't do much about that. So let's do what's to our hands."

Often in Muintir Na Tire villages that means the building of a local assembly hall. In Tipperary town the council bought a reaper-binder, tractor and threshing mill. The Bansha Council runs weekly dances, sports, lectures on farming and local history, an allotment scheme. It started its own cinema and revived the local fair. The young people's section runs a dance orchestra and a fife-and-drum band. It has a new cemetery, a demonstration acre, signposts put up at the entrance of the village, and now it agitates for a new bridge at Ballydavid.

Small things, yet in a remote Irish village the difference between life and decay.

But the thing that Bansha is really proud of is the jam factory. Tom Brosnan, the creamery manager, took me out to see it. It was a derelict two-hundred year old wool mill. The painters had just finished writing "BANSHA RURAL INDUSTRIES, LTD." in big letters across the side. Inside they were getting ready to put in the big pans and boilers. Over to one side were the rooms where the knitwear machines will be installed.

Villagers Own Shares

Brosnan's one of the directors (unpaid). The other two are the local doctor and J. J. Holloway, a Bansha boy who is now a Dublin jam manufacturer. Villagers own shares, and Muintir Na Tire has helped three hundred of them fill in forms to get fruit trees at a reduced rate through the County Council. Ann Lyons, a labourer's daughter, has been sent off to train as a manageress, and young Philip O'Dwyer, ex-Irish Army sergeant who'd been thinking of emigrating to England, has gone off to learn the dispatch side.

Today this remarkable self-help organization has guilds working in 140 towns and villages. Every year each of them sends its contingent to Muintir Na Tire's rural week, when farmers, labourers, business men, doctors from all over Eire live together in some empty college, intersperse debates on the problems of the countryside with renderings of "Paddy McGinty's Ghost."

Another of Father Hayes's projects is an exchange of Irish and English farmers' sons. This energetic little man bubbles with ideas for Eire's betterment. And as we talked on in his study I noticed something which will go a long way towards making many of them possible. A squirl of rubberized cable was sticking from the ceiling.

Simple enough: electricity was on its way to Bansha. Could I realize just what it would mean?

It was, said Father Hayes, so much more than an amenity. It was a revolution. It would sweep away the fatal inferiority complex of the villages: "The poor lad who goes into the city from the side of a mountain and watches the rich man turn on his light will be able to say: 'I've got that outside my pigsty.'"

These Lights are a Beacon

Bansha switches on under a scheme by which one parish in each county of Eire is being electrified. Very slowly, but surely, the lights are going on across Eire, stirring the countryside from its age-old stagnation, waking strange new ambitions.

And the first of these will be a modernization of the standard of living. Freed from romantic dreams of island self-sufficiency, Eire today recognizes that, with half her people on the land, this can only be achieved through better agriculture and more foreign trade. And in a land of small farms it means pigs, poultry, milk for the great, hungry market just across St. George's Channel.

I remember something Dr. Kennedy said: "It would help if the people on your side showed a bit of interest."

Just give the neighbours a smell of those bacon-and-eggs, Dr. Kennedy, and I'll guarantee the interest.

Meantime, the Irish Ministers are getting to be regular callers in Whitehall. The new pace in economic partnership set by de Valera himself with last autumn's cattle-for-coal treaty is being well kept up. The road to Irish prosperity stretches ahead, straight and clear—and it's lined with better British breakfast tables.

In a final article Harry Hopkins will report on the last remaining obstacle to Anglo-Irish co-operation: the Partition question.

Jam factory in an old wool mill: Father J. M. Hayes (right), the priest who has revitalized rural industries, with dairy chief Tom Brosnan

Twenty-year-old Miss Donnelly is in charge of a 16,000-egg incubator at Caherconlish, one of a thousand set up under the Egg Pact with Britain

FREE SPEECH

★ *Distress Signal From the Spanish Main*

★ *People Who "Put One Over" on Rationing*

★ *Visit That Caused a Flutter in Germany*

I AM WRITING THIS from the port of Maracaibo, Curaçao, West Indies. In these waters in Elizabethan days, British adventurers were feared and respected. No man would dare offend a British seaman.

Today, the heirs of these proud Elizabethans are the laughing stock of the islands. Our ships are undermanned, our pay is far less than most foreigners receive, and the accommodation and conditions in which we live have to be seen to be imagined.

The usual temperature of our sleeping quarters is one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. We have no mosquito netting, no awnings, no iced water system. The only thing we've plenty of is cockroaches. We are covered with them when we awake in the fetid cabin.

Most nights we lie at anchor a mile off shore, for few of us have money to spend, with the high cost of living. Rule, Britannia!—A BRITISH SEAMAN. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Off the Ration

MY BOSS, a well-to-do City merchant, showed us typists a gorgeous little smock and knickers made for his little daughter by her nurse out of three unrationed pillow slips. He mentioned that the set would have cost him several guineas and coupons at a West End shop.

Yet, this very nice, intelligent man could see nothing wrong with the practice. He was pleased at "putting one over" on the Government's rationing system.

Now I realize why sheets are still on coupons and mothers must make do with old, threadbare ones. If they were coupon free, many people would snap them up for frocks, curtains, etc.—MISS E. S. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Fit for a Princess

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER written by a B.A.O.R. wife: "There was great excitement recently. The Princess Royal visited one of the flats near us. The flat was redecorated, new carpets laid and new furniture installed. The garden was dug up and planted with flowers in bloom.

"I might add that at first they redecorated a top flat, but then decided it was too far for the Princess to walk." A nice way to show the Germans democracy in action.—IVY K. MATTHEWS, Arlington, Wargrave Road, Twyford, Berks.

"Tied to Man I Hate"

FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS my husband has been away working in another town, and from various reliable sources news reached me that he was drinking and dancing in the company of other women almost every night.

Once a fortnight, he comes home with a pile of dirty washing, including handkerchiefs covered with some other woman's lipstick.

I decided to have it out with him, and at last he admitted that what I had heard was true, and I could please myself what I intended doing about it, but he wasn't going to give me evidence for a divorce.

We have never had a home of our own since we were married but stay with my husband's relations. We have a small daughter, and, much as I would like to pack my bags and go, I daren't for her sake. And so I am tied to a man I hate because I haven't enough money to pay a "snoop" to follow my husband around looking for evidence. Also, I daren't refuse the money he sends me every week because of our child.

What can a woman do under the circumstances? — DISILLUSIONED WIFE. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Colliers All

MY GRANDMOTHER and grandfather recently celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

They have ten children aged from forty-two to sixty-five years, all born in a tiny four-roomed cottage, and also twenty grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren.

Grandfather is still on the books of the National Coal Board as a "compensation" man, after forty-five years' service at the coal face. All his sons have worked at the coal face and their total years' service as miners is 231 years: a grand advertisement for life as a collier. —JESSIE PARSONS, 14 School Street, Tyldesley, near Manchester.

"Grand advertisement for collier's life": Mr. and Mrs. Parsons after sixty-fifth wedding anniversary. Sons have all been miners

Keep It Dark!

IT HAS ALWAYS AMUSED me, reading local newspaper advertisements, to see that everyone who wants accommodation is so very convinced they are *Refined, Quiet, Careful* or *Respectable*.

The truth will have to come out sooner or later: that they have to put their feet down when they walk.—MRS. LILIAN GUTHRIE, 324A Manchester Road, Walkden, Manchester.

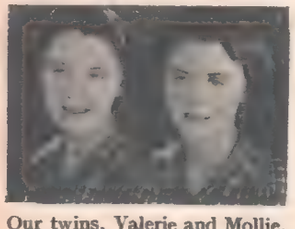
When Men are Stupid

WITH THE UTMOST respect for Miss G. Norton's research into the question of what women find to talk about (JOHN BULL, May 22), I think that very much more work will have to be done before this unfathomable mystery is solved.

I have known many women who could themselves cover as many topics as she mentions in the matter of a minute. It is my considered opinion that women very seldom think; they nearly always feel. And they always feel that men are being stupid and selfish when they refuse to act as their womenfolk tell them to! —B. SCHOLES, 20A Finchley Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Seeing Double . . .

Recently, a John Bull reader urged a "Lovely Twins" contest. The idea's had strong support, but no more photos please—we're seeing two of everything!



Our twins, Valerie and Mollie, are seventeen and a half. They prefer to dress alike, are still at school, and are both house games captains. In a school play recently they were dressed in identical costumes and the audience couldn't tell one from the other.—*Mrs. F. Ridgewell, 14 Berne Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.*

My twin girls, Margaret and Patricia, were born when I was forty years old, and they are the pride of the neighbourhood. They are identical twins. This photograph, which was taken three years ago, shows them as they were at the age of seventeen months. —*Mrs. E. Munn, 50 Southey Hall Drive, Sheffield, 5.*

I am sure my friends, Kathleen and Nancy Walker, would be in the running for any "lovely twins" contest. They walked away with a prize in a twins' competition when they were three years old, and we still consider them "easy on the eye" at thirty.—*A. H. Simmons, 24 London Road, Cowplain, Portsmouth, Hants.*

You want twins — beautiful ones? Take a glimpse at this photograph of our neighbour's twin boy and girl, and then look no further! This picture was taken some time ago, but they are still as lovely as ever. Their names are Margaret and Gordon Goodwin. — *J. D. Horridge, 2 Temple Lane, Silver End, Witham, Essex.*

P.S.

On Mass Migration

"The prosperity and safety of you and your wife and children may depend on mass migration," wrote Dudley Barker in an article in JOHN BULL, *May 22. Redistribution of population over the Dominions, he maintained, could be the answer to many of Britain's economic problems. Here are some readers' reactions.*

I HAVE READ many articles on emigration, but none has put forward a plan as practical as Dudley Barker's. Having spent a number of years as an agricultural worker in Australia, I am sure his idea is the only solution to successful colonization. The hit-and-miss methods tried so far have proved a failure.—*Alfred Renshaw, Latham Hall Farm, Clay Lane, Hale, Cheshire.*

MASS MIGRATION will not work if we isolate ourselves into completely British communities in the Dominions. If we leave the old country behind, we must leave the old way of life behind as well. The object of the migrant should be to become a good Australian or Canadian, and to do this he will have to sink a lot of his purely British ideas once he has emigrated.—*V. Paget, 91 Waddington Avenue, Great Barr, Birmingham, 22a.*

DUDLEY BARKER'S scheme is all very well, but who wants to wait twenty years before emigrating? My husband and I have been waiting for the last three years, and we're not growing any younger. All we want is to emigrate while we are still young and can adapt ourselves. We are quite prepared to rough it for a while, even if it means living in a tent, so long as we are together.—*Mrs. E. Ricketts, 12 Mauldeth Road, Withington, Manchester, 20.*

Mrs. E. Ricketts

A SOUND IDEA. The present system of emigration means that only the physically fit and the producers go, while the sick, the aged and other not-so-able-bodied workers are left behind. Mass migration would even take care of grandparents. It only needs the community to take its share of the National Debt with it for Dudley Barker's scheme to be perfect.—*W. T. Higgitt, 47 Casella Road, New Cross, London, S.E.14.*

I WISH TO PROTEST most vigorously against the glib, entirely misinformed article "Shall We Migrate in Millions?" Mass migration would decrease the proportion of productive workers in Britain. This country carries an enormous burden of debt. With half the labour force removed, the maintenance of interest payments would become an impossibility and national bankruptcy would ensue. And the removal of half the population would *not* result in more goods and services. Cheap and efficient production depends on a large and compact market. *L. W. Stevens, 1 Ash Ride, Crews Hill, Enfield, Middlesex.*

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S NEW RÔLE:
Continued from page 11

day but prefers looking through illustrated magazines and fashion books.

Study periods, once given top priority, now have to fit in with other duties, such as taking Elizabeth's place in helping to entertain visitors. She keeps up a large private correspondence and her fanmail has grown in a year from a trickle to a flood.

She asks the Queen before accepting an invitation, though she is now allowed to go out alone. She may stay up as late as she likes, but common sense makes her ration late nights. She is more highly strung than Elizabeth and not quite so tough physically. Ever since her appendicitis operation in 1945, she has been watched for signs of strain.

She does not smoke, drinks a little and prefers champagne. She has no car of her own, but learned to drive on the private roads at Windsor and had "L" plates fixed on one of the King's cars until she passed the ordinary driving test in Scotland last October.

Princess Margaret has more men friends than her sister had at her age, and is more interested in them. The King has said that he will not allow an engagement for at least two years. She would certainly not wish to marry without her parents' approval, but knows that she will be allowed to choose her husband for herself.

The rest of the world is busy trying to choose one for her. Prince George of Denmark, a distant relative and fairly frequent visitor at the Palace since he has been living in London, denies there is any understanding between them.

Other young men who will be the subjects of rumours until they get themselves married to somebody else include the Duke of Edinburgh's best friend and first cousin, the Marquess of Milford Haven, who is just twenty-nine, and the thirty-year-old Earl of Derby. Nearer the Princess's own age is the Marquess of Blandford, heir to the Marlborough dukedom, who is only twenty-two. The list is long and is added to each time the Princess goes to a new party.

Though she has grown up in palaces and castles, Margaret can cook, light fires, make beds, do up parcels, sweep floors, cope with simple mechanical gadgets and go out shopping instead of ordering by telephone.

It seems certain that she will be as successful in making herself a good wife as she has been in overcoming the handicaps of being a younger sister.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Success

IT'S a common saying that "nothing succeeds like success." I wonder. The longer I live, the more I believe that people gain far more through failure than through superficial success.

If we never encountered difficulties we should never need effort and ingenuity. If we never failed we should never need self-control and self-reliance.

Success is a reward, not a spur. And failure is nothing to be ashamed of so long as we have honestly tried to do our best. We alone know whether our failure is real or only apparent.

It is certainly true that a man never knows what he can do till he tries. But it is also true that he rarely knows what he *can't* do till he has tried.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Frank Tilsley sums up on What Radio Does To Us

Laurence Gilliam: most British families listen to his *Christmas Round-up*

"It's my best friend"

That's the majority verdict. Minority views: the radio's a noisy menace; the B.B.C. is just a propaganda racket

PEOPLE WHO DO NOT LIKE radio in general or the B.B.C. in particular are more numerous than seemed to be the case when I set out to investigate listeners' reactions. And I'm beginning this final round-up by dealing with their views.

The main complaints are too many repeat programmes, too many programmes which seem to be different but which in fact turn out the same sort of stuff (particularly jokes in the variety programmes), lack of all-round "freshness" and originality, and too much of one or other of the following three items: talks, dance music, classical music.

Five people out of six who made these criticisms offset them with praise for the things they did like about the B.B.C. My final figures were sixty-four per cent either completely satisfied or for other reasons without criticism, thirty per cent reasonably satisfied but critical of certain aspects, and six per cent really dissatisfied.

About half of the dissatisfied regarded radio as an interference with private or social life. . . . "It's a menace to your privacy. Blaring away at all hours of the night. I've complained to the police but they do nothing. People with wireless sets have no regard for the peace and quiet of others."

Or: "The radio is killing neighbourliness, you know. Twenty years ago I knew everybody in this street. But as the old people go you don't get to know the new ones. They don't make friends any more. They listen to the radio instead."

Some were dissatisfied not on principle but for particular reasons, mostly political: "The whole thing is a ramp. Propaganda from beginning to end. Have you listened to Dick Barton? Thinly disguised anti-Communist propaganda."

And the other side of the picture: "Why don't they let Mosley come to the microphone? The so-called discussions make you laugh—obviously they're all rigged. The whole thing is a pro-Communist propaganda set-up. No wonder people call it the Bolshevik Broadcasting Corporation."

Effect on People's Politics

These are the views of tiny minorities, but minorities often provide general clues.

Take politics. I asked a large number of people: "Does the radio have any effect on your political beliefs?" Nine out of ten said No.

Then I met a youth of nineteen, articled to a solicitor. He said: "I listen to all the talks and debates and political programmes I can. What I want is the facts, and the B.B.C. gives you the facts. On the other hand, that series of party broadcasts was a revelation. There wasn't a single piece of straightforward factual information in the whole series. From first to last we got a gush of partisan ranting.

"The young people won't fall anything like so easily for all this party claptrap as our fathers did."

I typed this out on a sheet of paper and asked sixty listeners whether or not they agreed. Twenty-two said Yes. During my tour I met half a dozen men experienced in party or trade union organization. They all deplored the dwindling enthusiasm among the under thirty-fives for party politics:

"I reckon the wireless is killing politics. There's not the same interest. People don't come to meetings now like they used to. We had an M.P. down in March—a chap of Cabinet rank, he was, a national figure, and there was an audience of twenty-seven. Twenty years ago it would have been five hundred. When you ask people why they don't turn up they all say: 'There was something good on the wireless.'"

They're Better Informed

On the whole, the under thirty-fives are much less interested in the serious programmes, more cynical about the factual and political broadcasts, impatient for an ever-higher standard of entertainment. Most of them seem to accept the world as a mess, in which the individual counts for little. Therefore, why waste time listening to something called *Progress Report*? Or to facts and figures about politics?

Listen to this, from a retired engineering foreman: "We are deliberately turning this country upside down to make it a better place for the younger generation. Yet it's these very people who seem to have no real faith that it will succeed. Is it the war, or something deeper?"

One thing is pretty certain. It is difficult to be violently partisan about something if you are consistently informed through your radio of all the main arguments for and against it.

The under thirty-fives might lack enthusiasm for politics, but on the whole they do seem better informed than the previous generation. Mainly, I think, because of the radio. They absorb a great deal of knowledge even from those programmes they claim to dislike.

Listening is a habit. Those four words are the key to our understanding of radio, and all that it means to us, individually as a community.

The games player races home to hear the sporting results, the farmer depends on the weather forecast, the busy housewife makes up for her lost schooling as she peels the potatoes or scrubs the kitchen floor. The beauty of great music flowers in the crippled child. The distraught turn to the religious service:

"I came downstairs weeping. It was a quarter to eight so I switched on the wireless and listened to *Lift Up Your Hearts*. It gave me strength to go on. I keep the wireless on nearly all day—it's so companionable when you're alone. I don't know what I should do without it."

Millions of people depend on the radio and *trust* it. They turn to it in a time of crisis.

In the war a speech by Churchill could empty the streets and the fields. Regularly, every Christmas Day, more than twenty million people listen to Laurence Gilliam's *Christmas Round-Up*. By the time the King speaks nearly two-thirds of all the people in these islands are listening to the radio.

In a crisis the influence of the B.B.C. is paramount. If ever confusion reigned, if ever the leaders of this country spoke with divided voice, giving conflicting advice to the people, I have no doubt what the great majority would do. They would accept the voice of the B.B.C. as the authentic voice of England — so long as that voice remains untarnished by the suspicion of propaganda.

WITH MY FEET UP

Power of Thought

I AM ALWAYS INTRIGUED when I hear people described as "thinkers." For instance, I come across the name of Professor Bloggsworthy and it says afterwards, "the famous philosopher and thinker." Or perhaps a writer refers to Mr. Beein Bonnett, but he always adds the "well-known thinker."

Now that's the job I should like. I want to be a thinker. Just think of the advantages.

As a thinker, you can work anywhere. You needn't even get up in the morning—you can lie right there in bed and start work.

In the summer you can take your job into the park, and you can lie on the grass with your hat over your eyes, working away like mad.

Of course, if you really want to gain a reputation as a hard worker, you can imitate Rodin's famous statue, "The Thinker." All you need do is to take off all your clothes, rest one elbow on your knee, place your chin on your hand and there you are. If you stay at work long enough they may build railings round you.

However, I imagine that taking up thinking as a regular job might lead to complications. I can see myself at one of those interviews with the type of official who wants to get me neatly described on a form. After he has written down my name as Cox and my age as ninety-eight, he asks my occupation.

"Thinker," I say.

He writes down "Sinker." I point out the error and he says, "But that'th what you thaid—thinker."

"No, I thaid—I mean said—thinker, not sinker, don't you thee?"

"No," he says shortly, and alters my occupation to "Stinker.".

When I protest, he fetches another clerk. "Now, Mr.—er—Box, about your job," says this one briskly. "What do you actually *do*?"

"Think," I say.

"Ah yes, quite so. But I mean what do you do for a living?" he says.

"Think," I say again.

"You mean like Professor Joad?" says the clerk.

"Well, it depends what you mean by 'like,'" I say.

"I'll put you down as 'No Known Occupation,'" he says.

However, I doubt if I shall ever take up such work as a regular job. Simply because I can't think how you begin to be a thinker.

Anyway, producing thoughts is a pretty poorly paid occupation. The most you usually get offered for them is a penny.

by Ian Fox

Turpin covers up as Hawkins rushes in. But he won fight. Can he do it again and become the first coloured champion?

DICK TURPIN RIDES 'EM ROUGH

by Alan Hoby

THIS IS THE STORY of Dick Turpin. Not the eighteenth-century robber who rode to York, but the twentieth-century boxer who has already staked his own unique claim to fame. It is also the story of the bloodstained gloves which hang on the wall of the disused warehouse in Warwick, where the modern Dick Turpin is now training for the battle of his life.

For this shy, kinky-haired, twenty-seven year old ex-Eighth Army signalman wore these gloves on the historic night he beat the middleweight champion of Great Britain, Vince Hawkins. This was a non-title fight, but ever since that day Dick has had one consuming ambition: to stop Hawkins again and so make ring history by becoming the first coloured man ever to win a British title under Queensberry rules. For Dick Turpin, these gloves are a symbol and an omen.

Now, at last, Dick Turpin, of Leamington Spa, has his big chance. With the raising of the iniquitous colour bar, he has been matched with the champion, and the contest will take place on Aston Villa F.C.'s ground on June 28. More than forty thousand people will watch the fight, and Turpin will draw the biggest purse of his career.

At last, after being spurned, scorned and ignored, the man who, like his father before him, fought for his country in the biggest scrap of all, has "arrived."

Dick Turpin deserves it all. Despite the bitterest blows he has remained sweet-tempered, dignified, modest. It has taken this dark, determined fellow a long time to touch the stars—over ten years of scrapping and ninety-seven professional fights. But his biggest fight has been against poverty and prejudice.

"I always felt I could get to the top," he told me recently. "But there were times when I really felt discouraged. I realized that even if I won I would never get a chance at the championship because of the colour bar."

I looked in on Dick at his "home-made" gym tucked away behind a big gelatine factory in Warwick. Between training spells he said: "For a long time we had no training quarters and no equipment at all until we were offered this place. My brothers, Randolph and Jackie, and my manager, George Middleton, and other willing helpers, all buckled down to the job of cleaning out the years of dust and dirt which had collected.

New Use for a Kit-bag

"For punch-bags we used my desert kit-bag and Randy's naval bag. Randy also managed to bring with him a pair of bar bells from the Navy. The rest we bought out of our own pockets."

Before that Dick trained any old where. In the backyard, out in the open, on the fields and commons, in a room over a public house. . . . Once again it was the same tragic tale of British boxing. Lack of gymnasia. Lack of teachers. Lack of decent, healthy facilities. For although a mass of money is made out of the game there never seems to be a penny forthcoming from officialdom to help the country's fighting material on its way.

The eldest Turpin has gone up the ladder the hard way. He has beaten the best. He won seven out of nine bouts as an amateur, and has only dropped eleven decisions in his ten years as a professional. All these defeats except one he subsequently reversed.

Yet Dick Turpin would not have fought at all had it not been for his mother (who is white). When their father died she was left to bring up five children and had to go out "charring." Often she had to watch while her coloured children were spat upon and snubbed.

Now she is practically deaf and almost blind. Apart from winning the championship, Dick Turpin's one desire is to save his mother's sight.

Strangely enough, the Turpins' fighting blood comes from their mother's side. "We get it from our grandfather, an old bareknuckle fighter," Dick told me.

It was his grandfather who first taught Dick how to use his fists. "You'll have to learn to look after yourself now your father has gone," he said to his dark-skinned young grandson. Thus Dick began the first round to pugilistic success. It was not a sensational début. "In my first fight, at the age of eleven, I was K.O.'d by the Midland champion," grinned Dick. "After that I decided that this game was too rough and packed it up altogether for two years."

He Doesn't Drink or Smoke

But the call of the blood was too strong. Poverty is also a prime conspirator in producing champions. Dick has trodden a rough road since those early days. But right now he can be proud in the knowledge that he has not lost one of the last twenty engagements. And if guts, concentration, clean living—Dick is a teetotaller and non-smoker—and sheer hard work can do the trick, Hawkins will know he has been in a fight.

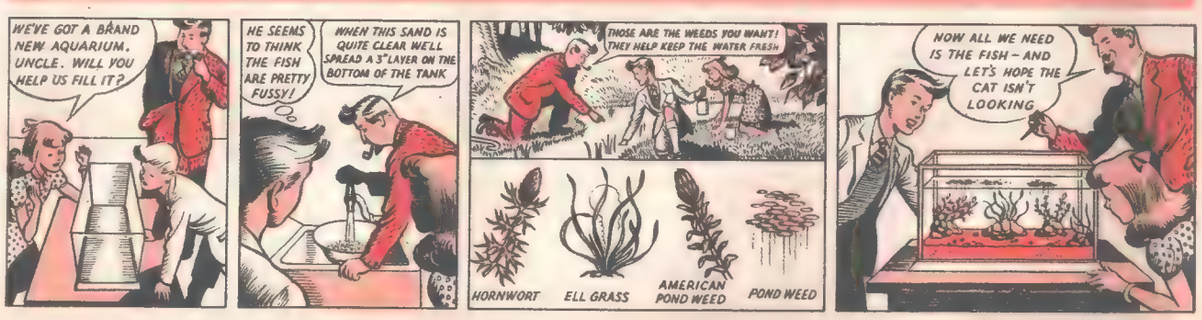
Dick is more the skilled practitioner, the calculating points-collector and craftsman, than Randolph, his sensational brother. He lacks the all-round versatility of Randolph. But he knows every move in the business, is mature and confident, and is a thoroughly efficient boxer.

Meanwhile, the spotlights, the blaze of publicity and the big fight ballyhoo are centred on him. For this retiring young man, who lives in a prefab with his white wife and three children, is the herald of a new era in the ring.

Whatever the outcome of his big fight, one fact is certain. Dick Turpin has made his niche in ring history as the first coloured man of the twentieth century to overcome the colour bar for a British championship fight. That's the main thing to him—but he's out for that title.

UNCLE ANDY

Fish Are So Fussy!


WE'VE GOT A BRAND NEW AQUARIUM, UNCLE. WILL YOU HELP US FILL IT?
HE SEEMS TO THINK THE FISH ARE PRETTY FUSSY!
WHEN THIS SAND IS QUITE CLEAR WE'LL SPREAD A 3" LAYER ON THE BOTTOM OF THE TANK
THOSE ARE THE WEEDS YOU WANT! THEY HELP KEEP THE WATER FRESH
HORNWORT
ELL GRASS
AMERICAN POND WEED
POND WEED
NOW ALL WE NEED IS THE FISH – AND LET'S HOPE THE CAT ISN'T LOOKING

SWITCH FROM MURDER

by B. L. JACOT

No one had seen him do it. If he kept his head and made a clear getaway everything would be all right, wouldn't it?

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE old houses with tall chimneys and it stood at the start of the village. There was a carriage sweep in front, lined with shrubs, and at the back a walled garden and a paddock. The nearest house was fifty yards away. And there were no dogs.

Fellman approached from the paddock, feeling his way in the pitch darkness, and dropped silently over the garden wall. Inside, he stood for a while swallowed in the darkness, listening.

Not a sound came. The place was blanketed by the faint shapes of the trees, with the ghostly hedgerows stretching out beyond. Fellman carefully erased his deep prints from the mould and trod on softly towards the house, using the centre of the gravelled path. He shot the catch of the middle window of the back room with his knife and it slid up noiselessly.

In the screened light of his torch he looked round the room. He saw it much as he had pictured it when he cased the house that afternoon from the fields at the back. The caretaker would be living somewhere close to the kitchens. Fellman was taking no chances, even with an old man.

The caretaker had been ready enough to talk in the pub, and it was talk that interested Fellman. Caretaker to a house full of clothes! When you've been living for the best part of two years without a ration book or identity card, clothes count. It was easy enough, of course, to keep away from dog tracks and places where the busies were likely to stage a check up. But clothes didn't last for ever. They can get you by your clothes. . . .

In the hall now, he flashed his light, keeping it down and away from the windows. He gently pushed at the green baize door and followed the passage. He saw the glow still in the grate in the kitchen through the crack where the door was ajar. There was a bed in the kitchen with a heap under the covers. The old man was snoring.

Easier, Fellman made his way noiselessly back to the hall. He unbolted and unlocked the front door, leaving it ready to open at a turn of the knob in case of emergency. Then he made his way up the carpeted stairs. The big front bedroom had built-in wardrobes, with suits and overcoats and rows of shoes on trees.

He hunted a suitcase and filled it with a careful selection, then he hefted the case and added another tweed suit. Working easily and methodically he closed the drawers and shut the doors and in the hall he stood to listen once more. The house was as still as the grave. He opened the front door and set the case carefully outside.

Fellman turned back into the dining-room to look for a souvenir of convenient size that he could hock without questions. There was no silver and the furniture was under covers. He was kneeling at the sideboard when the lights clicked on suddenly and his heart stopped beating.

In the sharp metallic flood of light Fellman found himself face to face with the old man in his nightshirt with his braces hanging down his back. The fright paralysed him.

"*You!*" the caretaker shot out. "What you doin' here?"

Fellman made a snap decision to play it the only way he saw a chance. The old man was goggling in a senile way, but he wasn't scared. He had an obstinate look. "I was trying to find you, mate," Fellman began in a whine. "Honest, I been looking for you all over the place."

"Reckon I don't live in the sideboard. How d'you get into the house?"

"I chucked stones round the back trying to wake you," Fellman whined. "Then I tried the back door and it was unlocked so I came in. I been sleeping rough, mate, and a dog chased me out of a rick not——"

"It's a job for the police. You keep where you are!"

FELLMAN noticed that the old man kept himself between his visitor and the door. "Police, mate? What for? I ain't done nothing—and you left the back door, you'd have to explain that!" He moved carefully closer to the old man. He could see he wasn't armed, except for his stick.

"Keep where you are. You're up to no good. Thought so in the pub yesterday."

Fellman slid his hand down the back of his hip. His eyes were hard as stones, and watchful. "All right," he allowed in mock resignation. "If that's the way you want it. I'll wait for the police." He swung his arm and brought the cosh sharply down.

The old man crumpled and Fellman stood for a moment transfixed while fear grew in him. The old man on the carpet didn't look right. There was something about the way he lay. . . . The way he had sagged and dropped

Fellman bent, transfixed with fear. There was something about the way the old man lay . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

like a sack. It took an effort to make Fellman stoop and grope for the pulse.

It was not long before he realized the old man was dead. Like one in the grip of a dream he knows isn't true, he found himself tip-toeing softly to the front door. He forced himself back and tried the old man's pulse once more. Then he re-arranged the clothes so that no one could tell there had been someone else in the room when he fell.

He had murdered a man! A cold sweat covered him. He tried to keep a grip on himself and avoid making the sort of mistakes men made when panic got them. There were no fingerprints because of his gloves. No footprints. Nothing to connect him with this house, if he could get clear of it unseen.

He bolted the front door just as he found it and let himself out of the back, closing the window and slipping the catch into place. Then he picked up the case and hurried down the drive. He could see the fan-like glow of a car's lights when he got into the lane. They showed like moonlight at the tops of the trees. The sight calmed him down a little.

What could anyone have against him? Who had seen him? Who would recognize him? He had only been in the village three days—and sleeping rough, at that. But he still had to get away, and fast. He knew that he was safe as long as he kept his head.

The case was heavy and dragged, but he hurried on, carrying it first in one hand, then in the other. The countryside was sleeping but now a young moon was rising, spreading a thin silvery light on the hedgerows and showing the shape of the lane ahead. When he reached the arterial roadway he looked into darkness, left and right. Not much traffic at this time of night. Right for London—left for Oxford and the Cotswold Hills.

He turned left. If there had been one car there could be another, couldn't there? Lorries ran all night, too. Maybe he could thumb a lift in a lorry. More likely to get something out of a lorry driver. He began to get a story ready.

SUDDENLY he began to think: What if the old man had telephoned to the police when the noise of an intruder had first roused him? What if the police car were already at that house? And the police were looking at what he had left there? The thought brought a spurt of fear that tingled in his spine. He prayed for a car to pick him up quick before the police began to search the roads.

Then—he knew this was just that panic he was trying to save himself from and he took grip again. Presently he saw a glow of lights on the road behind him. He stood watching, with his heart beating, as they came over the brow of the hill. The car was coming fast. A quarter of a mile — two hundred yards. . . . He planted his case squarely on the road and stood staring into the white glare, waving his arm.

The car pulled up with squealing tyres, a big saloon with a long bonnet. Fellman could see now that it was a Lagonda and that a man in the driving seat was watching the case, cut square in the funnelled lights of the headlamps.

"Sorry to hold you up," Fellman began in his most cultured tones. "I broke a front spring through hitting the verge about three miles back and left my car in a side lane. I was hoofing it, hoping someone would——"

"Hop in!" the man said. "Put your case in the back."

ALMOST before he realized, the Lagonda was off again and Fellman was marvelling at his luck. He tucked his shoes carefully under the dash and saw that the collar of his overcoat was turned up. He had no hat.

"Cigarette?" the driver offered, and Fellman took one gratefully from the long gold case. He caught the lighter the driver tossed to him and flicked it, drawing at the cigarette, with a circle of light over his face and eyes. Fellman saw that the other was watching him in the glass over the windscreen while the light was on his features.

Why not? You had to be careful whom you picked up on the roads these days. Particularly at night. Fellman, on his side, could see that the owner of the Lagonda was an oldish man with grey hair and a smart soft hat, the brim over his eyes. He had the look you get only with wealthy people. He seemed to like driving fast—and no wonder with a car like this one! He could certainly handle a car, Fellman thought.

"Where you heading for?" he suddenly asked.

"Anywhere that's open," Fellman said. "Anywhere they'll have a break-down car to send back for my bus. The firm's car."

"I'm going to Gloucester. But Oxford'll come first. We'll keep an eye open for an all-night garage. I know this road pretty well." He turned and smiled at Fellman. "Live round here?"

"London," Fellman said. He had a circumstantial story ready. "Only left the missus this afternoon for Bristol. I'm a commercial."

"Oh." The Lagonda was making fast time. The hedgerows were swooping up at them and away in a glare of light that alone seemed steady and constant in a panorama of rushing shadows. "Lucky I came along to pick you up, young feller!"

Fellman laughed. "Not everyone who'd stop," he said. "People won't stop these days. Not at night." When he had pushed his case on to the back seat Fellman had seen two expensive looking cases already there. He couldn't get his mind away from those rich cases. Anyone could see that money didn't matter with this man, and rich—really rich—folk were easiest.

A rich man never has to swindle and scrape himself, and he doesn't suspect others—until too late. People who are used to money don't have to fight and scramble. They come soft. They're ready to trust anyone. They generally have chauffeurs and butlers and secretaries between them and the facts of life. This chap here was in the raw.

A thought seemed suddenly to come to the owner of the Lagonda. "I mustn't be getting drowsy," he said. "I'm for a cup of coffee. How about you?"

"Not for me, thanks," Fellman declined. He did not want bright lights on his clothing. He had told his tale and it had got by. "But don't let me stop you, sir."

"There's an all-night café somewhere along here that I sometimes stop at. Doesn't do to go too far at a stretch at night when it's past your bedtime, eh?"

Fellman laughed. "I'll wait in the car for you."

"Might keep an eye on my cases in the back, old man, would you? I'd be obliged."

"Why, sure!" Fellman agreed. This man was too silly to be true. This sort of coot asked for it!

Presently the lights of the café showed and the car pulled off the road to park on the cement strip that bordered the place. Fellman's host switched off the engine and pulled on the handbrake. And with a friendly wave he walked through a belt of darkness into the area of light round the café. He disappeared inside.

For a while Fellman sat transfixed. He couldn't believe his eyes. *The key was in the ignition lock!* The fool had just walked off and left the key in the switch! He shielded his eyes and carefully examined the little hut. No telephone wires. No other cars parked, and the road empty both ways.

He slid over behind the wheel and turned the key, pressing the starter button. Then he eased his way silently through the gears as the big car rolled forward with only the scrunch of the tyres marking its passage through the night. Once well clear, he put down his foot and the Lagonda leapt silkily forward. This was a car! It would take something pretty good to stop him now.

Fellman suddenly thought of petrol. He switched on the dashlights and read the gauge. Plenty. Doing twelve to fifteen miles to the gallon, he had enough in the tank to take him about 150 miles. He could abandon the car somewhere near a large railway station and take a train among the crowds. Just himself and three suitcases.

Fellman drove for some time without seeing another car on the road. Then a lighted signpost warned him that Oxford was close ahead. He turned into the by-pass and the cement sang under his tyres as he pressed more and more speed out of the car.

At the traffic control lights ahead, showing red now, Fellman noticed another car waiting for the change. He drew in behind, slipped into neutral, and let back the clutch pedal, groping in his jacket pocket at the same time for a cigarette. As he lit it he noticed with a start that there was a face at the window at his side and he wagged the match out inquiringly.

"Step out!" the man ordered. With a sudden quickening of fear, Fellman heard the doors behind him open.

"What's this?" he demanded. "A petrol voucher check-up?"

"Keep your hands away from your pockets," the voice said levelly. "Step lively."

FELLMAN felt hands on his shoulder—hands that came over on him from the back seats. He was pushed from the driving seat and other arms pulled him out on to the roadway. Fear settled on him then, heavy as lead, and his heart turned over. A light from a torch shone in his face and there was a sudden movement which brought the cold touch of metal on his wrists. When he moved his hands away instinctively he found he was handcuffed.

"You can't do this to me!" he cried wildly. "Let me loose. I've done nothing."

A voice from inside the car said: "The stuff's in here, Sergeant."

"You were hitting it up, brother," the sergeant said to Fellman. "Did you know you were being followed? Or were you just hitting it up?"

A thwarted sensation as of nightmare held Fellman helpless. "I don't know what you're talking about," he mumbled. Could the police have been following him from the house? Have picked up the car and telephoned ahead? How did they know it was he?

"You wouldn't know, then, that this car was stolen from Cadogan Square this afternoon and used in a burglary at that wholesale furrier's?" the sergeant asked ironically.

"No, no!" shouted Fellman. "I thumbed a ride from the man who——"

"Who happened to be driving," the sergeant finished for him and it got a laugh. "Shall I tell you something? My guess is that the man who lit out from London knew he was only one jump ahead, so he kept his foot down and hoped for the best. Am I right?"

Fellman swallowed. Whichever way he looked he saw no way out. "I don't know what you're talking about," he repeated.

"My guess was," the sergeant said, "that you'd ditch the car and try to run for it. You've rather run *into* it, haven't you, chum?"

Fellman pulled his coat collar closer. "I have nothing to say," he said, stiffly. But he spoilt it with the afterthought that burst from him: "The swine left the key in the switch. . . ."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

REMEMBER these boys? The last time Douglas L. Mays painted them, in April, they were panting through their own exclusive Cup Final, supremely disinterested in that other little event going on at Wembley. But in June, King Willow comes into his own and the kids would as soon think of kicking a ball as of doing extra homework. Don't be fooled by their apparent indifference to the goings on at Nottingham, though. Close slip fielding on the right shows that Mays's Test Team can take a tip from Australian tactics even if their elders can't.

Speak up for your Baby

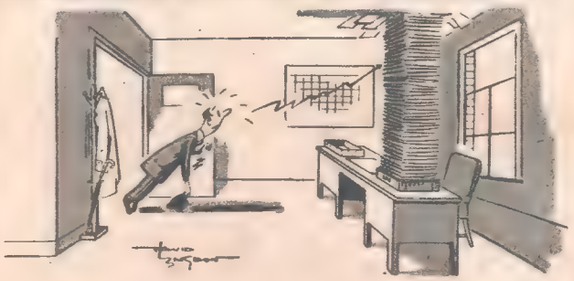
Under the latest milk food regulations you may arrange, if you wish, to be left free to buy from your chemist or welfare centre the brand of milk that best suits your baby. All you do is to ask at the Food Office to have your baby's ration book *endorsed* to give you that freedom.

Baby's progress will tell you

OSTERMILK

is right

Ostermilk from Chemists costs 2 6 a 16 oz. tin. Send 3d. for the Ostermilk Baby Book to GLAXO LABORATORIES LTD., DEPT. 110, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX



You need

BISCUITS

to keep you going

(One pound of sweet biscuits contains 2,200 calories)

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Limited

CVS-197

. . . quick drying

L'Onglex Liquid NAIL POLISH

L'Onglex polish dries to a smart, lustrous finish in less than two minutes. It wears for days!

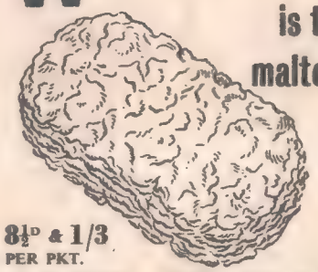
In six smart shades . . .

"Now, it's all right, Mummy, don't worry. Teacher bathed it and put some *Dettol Ointment on: she said it's wonderful stuff, and she was a nurse in the war, you know."

'DETTOL' OINTMENT *is strongly recommended for the prevention and treatment of septic conditions of the skin which require a soothing, antiseptic cream to promote healing.*

Weetabix

is the whole wheat grain malted, salted, and toasted

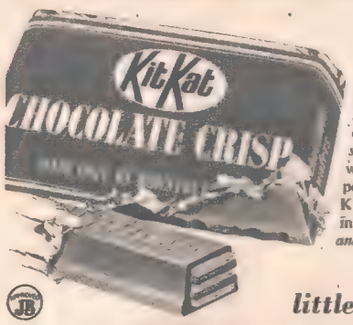


8½D & 1/3 PER PKT.

Everybody likes Weetabix for every meal of the day. When milk is short, Weetabix is just as delicious with fruit, jam, margarine or a savoury. It's a meal in a moment—in itself.

A DELICIOUS WAY TO GET

2 hours' steady nourishment



Four big wafers with a thick covering of milk chocolate all over, luscious chocolate layers in between! Marvellous! And this particular type of chocolate block produces a *slower* absorption of sugar—which gives you longer staying power—so that's why we call Kit Kat the biggest little meal in Britain. It gives you energy *and* staying power.

The biggest little meal in Britain

NOTHING SO HANDY

for the daily run-around

. . . and nothing so efficient for the weekly cleaning! Wonderfully light, and using no precious electricity. No wonder "NEWMAIDS" were chosen for R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth" and "Queen Mary." From retail shops only.

£5·2·7 PLUS P TAX £1·3·11

NEWMAID

Self-Generating

VACUUM CLEANER

BURRAGE & BOYDE LTD., NORTHAMPTON

Move under a Roof of your own . . .

'The counsel of perfection' you'll say. Yet our records prove that folk do it every day. They believe that repayments of 12/3 a month for every £100 advanced is very reasonable . . . *and anyway most of that will go to their credit as savings!* After all, what is 'protected' tenancy compared with the security of ownership that can be yours . . .

thanks to

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: Abbey House, Baker Street, N.W.1. *Telephone:* WELbeck 8282

for QUALITY *reproduction . . use*

on all your records

MANUFACTURED BY . . .

J. STEAD & CO. LTD.

SHEFFIELD 2

Run-down or Iron-starved?

If you feel generally run-down and in need of a tonic it may be because you are iron-starved and that all you need is MORE IRON. The safe and simple way to gain iron-strength is to take Iron Jelloids three times a day at meal times. For over fifty years Iron Jelloids have been known as 'The Reliable Tonic' because the method of manufacture ensures that their iron content remains fresh and effective for a very long time. Again available in two sizes, 1/6 & 3/8, including tax.

Iron Jelloids

The Iron Jelloid Co Ltd Watford Herts

It's NEW... it's SUPER OXYDOL!

NOW EVERY PACKET GIVES YOU

nearly twice the **LATHER..**

*

nearly twice the **WASH..**

*

whites **WHITER** *without bleaching!*

LADY, here's sensational soap news. They've put something new into Oxydol. Something really wonderful. So that Oxydol now makes nearly twice as much lather as any other soap powder. And does nearly twice as much washing. Only Oxydol has this amazing new ingredient. That's why it's called Super Oxydol.

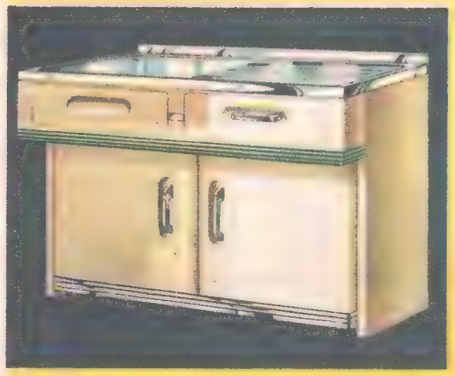
This completely different Super Oxydol lather contains no bleach of any kind. It gets your whites whiter by simply *easing* out every last possible speck of dirt. And it's so gentle your clothes last wash after wash. Ask for New Super Oxydol next time.

NEW SUPER OXYDOL

GIVES MORE LATHER...DOES MORE WASHING!

"House Proud"

PLANNED KITCHEN FURNITURE



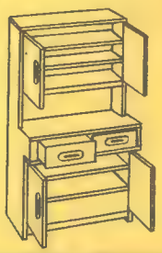
Sink Unit No. 602
Stainless Sheffield steel top with large draining board and bowl, size: 20" x 16" x 8". Body, stove enamelled in pastel shades, and fitted with a lined drawer and large cupboard with one shelf. Chromium plated, recessed handles. Width 42", Depth 18", Height 36".
Fixed Retail Selling Price
30 Gns.

Recommended by Elizabeth Craig

Kitchen Dresser No. 610
Constructed of aluminium with a vitreous enamel working top. Fitted with two lined drawers, and a large cupboard with one shelf. Chromium plated, recessed handles. Stove enamelled in pastel shades. Width 42", Depth 18", Height 36".
Fixed Retail Selling Price
21 Gns.
Plus Purchase Tax £10.0.8

the Famous Cookery Expert

Kitchen Cabinet No. 618
Constructed of aluminium and fitted with chromium plated, recessed handles. Top cupboard fitted with two shelves. Bottom portion contains two lined drawers and a large cupboard fitted with one shelf. Stove enamelled in pastel shades. Height 72", Width 42", Depth of working top 18", Height of working top 36".
Fixed Retail Selling Price
£39.19.6
Plus Purchase Tax £18.3.10



Sold only through approved "House Proud" distributors

VERNONS INDUSTRIES LIMITED LIVERPOOL

LIFE GOES ON: from page 10

Anastasie would run away with me to Petersburg?

"The next morning the reply came. I had to read it twice to make sure my eyes were not deceiving me. She would! She loved me! She was prepared to elope! In my joy I kissed the maid. She was a pretty, dark little thing. I had hardly noticed her before. I kissed her again.

"I began making preparations, and wrote back a message to tell Anastasie to be ready that night. I would call for her in a horse sled after dark, and we would set off across the frozen wastes to Petersburg!

"It was a day of feverish preparations. I telegraphed Alexei to prepare to receive guests. I arranged for a pair of horses, a sled and driver, rugs and provisions. We dare not go by train, for Chernikov would have the railways watched. By sled the journey would take a night and a day.

"That night, we slid off to wait outside the Chernikov mansion. I shone a lamp. There was an answering glow. Soon, two dark shapes emerged from the grounds. And Anastasie and her maid climbed into the sled. There was no time for greeting. We left."

Grandfather threw away his cigar butt and refreshed himself with a drink. I was gazing at him open-mouthed. Despite the broiling heat reflected in great waves off the pavements, I almost shuddered in the cold Russian night.

"The cold!" said grandfather. "As I told you, it was a night from the Ice Age. Sleep was impossible. Heavily muffled in furs, we huddled to each other for warmth. An east wind cut like iron. The stars were hard, like diamonds. There was a cold slice of moon shedding a horrible half-light across the unending white waste.

"ANASTASIE sat stiff and cold, uncomplaining. She never opened her mouth. Her maid sank down and spread herself over our feet to keep them warm. During the night I took off my gloves. My hands were stiff and numb. For warmth, I shoved them under the girl's bearskin hood. She leaned her head back against my knees, and gradually I felt the life returning to my fingers.

"Thirty, forty, fifty versts we went like that. Every so often, the driver would stop and get out to wipe the ice off the horses' backs. He was a great shambling bear of a fellow. I can hear him muttering now. I gave him a swig of vodka from my flask each time before we set off again.

"Towards dawn, it grew even colder. The wind rocked and sighed ceaselessly. The horses were exhausted. But the driver thrashed them mercilessly. We had to get to the next village. With the first light, we came in sight of it, and as we drew up at the inn, one of the horses dropped dead.

"We went into the inn, had a great meal, changed the horses and then off again. There was no time to lose, for old Chernikov would have raised the alarm.

"All that day we went on, and towards evening we came to Petersburg. It was the most welcome sight of my life. But Anastasie said nothing. All day, she had not said a word. The maid was not of such stern stuff. During the day, she had wrapped her arms round my boots and cried with the cold. I comforted her with my fingers in her hair."

Grandfather was silent. I finished my drink reflectively.

"A wonderful story," I said. "A great romantic story. A real love match." I thought for a while of the

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

FAINT HEARTS AND FAIR LADIES

The mere flutter of her skirt is enough to give him heart failure

THIS WEEK I FEEL I OUGHT to tackle a problem I've been shirking for a whole month. It's the right time of year for it, anyway. A chap wrote to me asking if I'd write an article on how "a shy boy of eighteen" can break the ice with the girl he loves, but hasn't even spoken to.

The last I heard from him, he'd got as far as writing her anonymous letters. So I feel by now the affair must be getting urgent.

These anonymous letters, he tells me, contain poems to her beauty. I think that's a bit dangerous. She may think the poems are written by some other man she meets, and fall in love with *him*.

It reminds me of a film I once saw about a shy composer. Schubert, I think it was.

Schubert loved a girl called Sylvia. And he composed a song called: "Who is Sylvia?" But he was much too shy to sing it to her. So he got his pal to sing it instead, while he stood by—all ready to step forward afterwards, I suppose, and say: "I composed it." (And, if he was strictly truthful, to add: "Though Shakespeare wrote the words.")

But this silly girl, Sylvia, was so overcome by the song that she fell in love with the singer as he sang it. And poor old Schubert never smiled again.

Or, at least, he didn't in the film. In actual fact, I believe he was so absorbed in his music that he hardly noticed flesh-and-blood girls at all. But that doesn't alter the moral of the story. Faint heart seldom wins fair lady.

Unless, of course, she happens to be an experienced lady. If an experienced lady takes a fancy to a shy young man, he's got no more to worry about. He'll find himself being impelled into her arms as surely as if he were a stamped and registered parcel with her name and address on it.

She'll Cure His Shyness

In fact, for a shy young man who wants to be saved a lot of embarrassment I don't know anything better than being taken a fancy to by an experienced lady. What's more, by the time she's finished with him, he'll no longer be a shy young man. So he solves two problems at once.

Seriously, though, I sometimes think it's a very wise provision of Nature that causes many of us, the first time we fall in love, to fall in love with someone much older and more experienced than ourselves.

The trouble is that our present sex conventions seldom allow such love affairs to run their natural course. If an older man responds to the affections of a young girl he's usually considered a dirty villain. And if an older woman encourages the love of a young boy she's considered ridiculous. But are such affairs as wrong and ridiculous as conventional people make them out to be? May it not be Nature's plan for apprentices?

However, that isn't the question I'm asked to answer. With conventional morality what it is, and the neighbours and relations what they are—determined that inexperience must blunder into the arms of inexperience—how does a shy and inexperienced boy break the ice with a perhaps equally shy and probably inexperienced girl?

Boys and Girls Don't Mix Enough

It's easy to say that a chap ought to summon up sufficient willpower to overcome his shyness. But that sort of advice is useless. He would if he could, but he can't.

Part of the trouble with thousands of us in this country is that we don't mix sufficiently with the opposite sex while we're growing up. We don't get sufficiently used to each other.

When a boy leaves school, after spending nearly all his time solely with boys, a girl seems something apart from the rest of the human race. He daren't look her in the eyes to save his life. And the mere flutter of her skirt is enough to give him heart failure.

Then there's the other part of the shyness—the shyness toward one particular girl. That arises mainly from a feeling of his own unworthiness. The more he worships the girl the more glorious she appears and the less likely it seems that she can possibly look with favour on an ugly animal like him.

But that's nonsense, of course. Especially when it's only a question of a man's *physical* ugliness.

A man may think himself so ugly that he can't bear to look at his own face in the glass. Yet many a beautiful girl will not only be able to bear his face but will even be attracted by it. It's more often the man with the "pretty" face who has to work hard to attract a girl.

All the same, you've got to give the girl a chance to get used to your ugly face—or your great feet, or whatever else it is you feel she won't be able to like.

The best way for a shy man to attract an equally shy and inexperienced girl is to dawn on her gradually. Let her see you about wherever she happens to be, until she comes to expect you and to miss you when you're not there. But don't *fuss* round her. Don't start doing a lot of fetching and carrying. If you do she may take you too much for granted. Just be there; approachable but self-contained—or looking as self-contained as you can. Take every opportunity to find yourself accidentally alone with her or sitting next to her.

Sooner or later, something will happen. You won't need any words. It'll just happen. When it happens, all the shyness will drop away like a cast-off cloak and you'll both be—well, where you both wanted to be, I expect.

If Nothing Comes of It

But, of course, if it doesn't happen (and there's always the chance that it won't) then you'll know you're not cut out for each other. You're not "in sympathy." She's not for you. You're not for her. And the only thing to do is to go away and try to forget her as soon as you can.

I haven't got much faith in writing poetry to attract a girl. Some of the best love poetry was written by poets after they had lost the girl—who probably went off with a milkman or a bus conductor.

I haven't got much faith in caveman stuff either. Sometimes the caveman gets it all his own way to begin with. But later on he often wishes he hadn't.

The fact is, I think, that, consciously or unconsciously, it's nearly always the woman who finally makes the choice. So a man might as well resign himself to it—the shy man especially. Be on hand to be chosen. Then leave the rest to Mother Nature. It surely isn't for nothing that Nature is so universally portrayed as a woman.

STEP BACK 11,000 YEARS!

IMAGINE yourself where this picture was taken, 7,000 feet up amidst the snow-capped Alps, just beside the Rhone Glacier! One afternoon last summer, eighteen JOHN BULL readers, our guests in Switzerland, stood on that very spot, marvelling at this great seven-mile river of solid yet slowly moving ice, nature's astonishing handiwork of 11,000 years ago.

Such is but one of a hundred thrilling experiences which await the winners of *Bullets* Swiss Holidays this summer, and there is still time for you to join the 1948 party. Reserved seats on the Continental express to Lucerne, reserved accommodation at a lakeside hotel, reserved coach tour tickets—everything is ready for you, as this week's £250 winner, to enjoy with a companion the most wonderful and luxurious holiday of your life.

Post your coupon below by Monday, June 21, and win your way to the Alps with a few well-chosen words!

Cash and Swiss Trip

heading Prizes value over **£500**

£250 1st Prize plus 10-Day Swiss Holiday for Two

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

20 Coach Trip Prizes of 21s.

1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

Any 21s. prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Bit Of Old Britain	Off His Feed
In Industry's Ranks	Father Pays, So
We're Progressing, But	Bookie's Sweetheart
New Jerusalem	Beautiful But Dumb
Difficulties	Given A Dusting
Official's Holiday	On A Sticky Wicket
Takes A Lifetime	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Tonic Talk	Waiting At The.....
Without Coupons	Looked A.....
Terrified	When Baby's.....
All They're After	Came In.....
Danger Signal	Suggested .....
Policeman's Job	Putting The.....On
Out Of The Ordinary	

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 3, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,634 (or Xword 586) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 3 containing **BIG SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFERS**

447

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer.

Closing Postmark, **1,634** MON., JUNE 21

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

CHEQUES AND HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 582

Seaside holidays as well as cheques are now waiting for Crossword entrants; why shouldn't *you* be the next to follow this week's winners of a big cheque and a Seaside Week for Two?

THREE £100 SHARERS: Mrs. J. Gamble, 5 James Watt Avenue, Corby; L. Grundy, Flat B, Ingleby Cottage, 6 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth; A. Rowley, 15 Pitney Street, Vauxhall, Birmingham, 7. Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 54 entrants,

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1, Storm. 3, Arts. 9, Winds. 10, Rye or Tye. 11, Chill. 12, Closer. DOWN: 1, Shade. 2, Races or Rates. 3, Aged. 4, Shares. 5, Hardy. 6, Plant. 7, Way. 8, Belle. 9, Wag.

TWO MORE SWISS HOLIDAYS WON

"BULLETS" 1,630 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO: H. Kemp, 8 Mathews Park Avenue, Stratford, London, E.15: ON MY INCOME LIFE'S FULL OF *"Whoa!"*

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: C. F. Green, 21 Tattershall Road, Boston: SOMEWHERE TO SHINE — GIVE THOSE LAMP-POST CRICKETERS!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: R. Livesley, Hut 33, Polo Grounds, Pontypool: ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT — LUNCH, WITH BRADMAN OUT!

EIGHT of £5 plus Seaside Holiday: E. T. Evans, 72 Eastcott Hill, Swindon: SHE GAVE A SIGH AND—BLACKPOOL BECAME SOAPSUDS AGAIN. A. W. Harris, 15 King Street, Treforest, Pontypridd: CHILDREN — DRIVE CARELESSLY — DRIVE CAUTIOUSLY! K. E. Jutton, 93 Monks Way, Swaythling, Southampton: BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN—"BATTLE" FOR—"INVADE" FOOTPATHS! E. R. McCarter, Norwood, Glebe Terrace, Dumfries: CHILDREN — OF NEIGHBOUR'S DANDELIONS, MINE. F. E. Morris, 3 Camberley Avenue, Raynes Park, S.W.20: ON MY INCOME — CAN'T AFFORD WILSON'S "GENEROSITY"! Mrs. A. Pine, 197 Hall Green Road, West Bromwich: WITH AN EAGLE EYE — ON "DECKCHAIRS," "COLLECTOR" CRIPPS. Mrs. Thomson, 20 Burnham Road, Glasgow, W.4: HAD ENOUGH—OF "IF—." G. A. Wilson, 10 Smith Street, Glasgow, W.4: CHILDREN—ENDOW WITH *Goodly World*!

Holidays arranged by Cook's. 20 Prizes of £2 and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to

£100 1st Prize and Awards £225

value £25 amongst Runners-up

★ **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over**

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

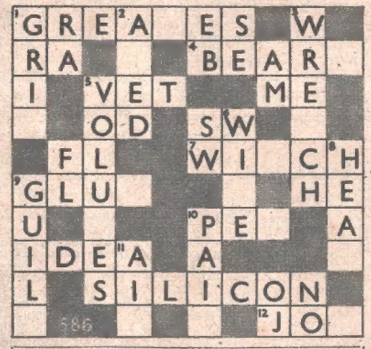
Across Clues **XWORD 586**

1. Used as means of protection
4. Can get hopelessly entangled
7. Old one is sometimes found badly bent
9. May well be cause of certain things sticking
10. In most cases is split
12. Slacker isn't worth one

Down Clues

1. When things get out of control, it's enough to make many a man lose his
2. It's not right to suggest that a great number of civil servants must be this
3. Lad who allows himself to be parted from his sweetheart probably feels one
5. Building contractor is interested in these
6. Such a one is up to all kinds of tricks
8. Blacksmith makes use of this of metal
9. Craft often gives rise to
10. Can easily wear one out
11. Gunners must often have to concentrate on

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 3.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

586 Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 21

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

LIFE GOES ON: from previous page

grandmother I had never known. "It must have been a great shock when she passed away."

Grandfather sighed.

"I was inconsolable. A woman in a million. When I was ill, she nursed me. When we had good luck, we laughed together. She never complained. A wonderful little woman."

Something had been bothering me. Now, I knew what it was. The grandmother in the album was no tall, serene beauty. She was a small, vivacious creature.

"Grandfather," I said tentatively. "You *did* marry Anastasie?"

Grandfather looked at me as though I had gone mad.

"Is this the first time you have heard the story?" he asked. "Didn't your father tell you before?"

He saw the way I was looking.

"Good God!" He was genuinely shocked. "Marry Anastasie! Marry that iceberg? That is not the sort one marries, my boy. Can you imagine. . . ." He was almost speechless.

"I wanted something alive, a woman who was human; a woman who cried when she was cold and wanted me to comfort her. I wanted a woman who would keep my feet warm. Of course I didn't marry Anastasie. I left her at her relative's house. I married the maid!"

I began to laugh.

Grandfather looked at me with surprise.

"What is this?" he asked. "What have I said? Is something funny?"

I controlled my features.

"And how soon," I said reprovingly, "you have forgotten her."

"Forgotten her?" Grandfather's features softened. "Never, my boy. I tell you, when she died I was helpless. I was inconsolable. But," he braced himself and winked at a passing girl; "life goes on, my boy. Life goes on."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Hurt at Work

A MAN WHO WORKED in an engineering shop, where he had the misfortune to meet with an accident, asks about claiming compensation. He writes:

"I met with an accident at work which cost me the index finger of my right hand and badly damaged the middle finger. I received workmen's compensation for sixteen weeks and then the doctor said I was fit for light work. I returned to the firm and they gave me a job sweeping floors. This hurt my hand so much that I asked for my cards and left.

"I am still doing nothing and drawing nothing. I have asked for a lump sum settlement of £350 but they have only offered me £50. Can I take the case to court?"

Unless you could prove that the accident was due to your employer's negligence and that you were unaware that you had a claim for damages when you accepted workmen's compensation, you could not claim. You are entitled to weekly compensation as long as your accident prevents you earning your average pre-accident wage.

You cannot compel an employer to pay you a lump sum to end liability.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

DOG WATCH

YOU'VE got to keep an eye on a dog—if he's a dog with any spirit of enquiry and adventure! He can't help getting into scraps and scrapes now and then. He's bound to sidle in occasionally from heaven-knows-where looking like a dirty doormat—and that means washing and grooming. He's sure to limp home sometimes with a great thorn in his foot—and that means a bit of first aid.

For fifty-five years now Bob Martin's have been making every preparation you need for the care and cleaning and health of your dog: for grooming, washing, and the treatment of common ailments and accidents.

You can see these preparations at your chemist's or Dog Shop. And in "Your Dog" by Bob Martin you'll find not only full details of the preparations, but chapters on feeding, exercise, training and a dozen other things that affect the health and happiness of a dog. The book costs 6d. from your dealer, or 7d. post-free from Bob Martin Ltd., Dept. J.B.8, Southport, Lancs. And Bob Martin's Advisory Service is always ready to answer your questions.

The BOB MARTIN preparations for dogs

The **HALL MARK of VALUE**

for Poultry Houses Sheds and Greenhouses of highest quality at lowest outlay.

Write for details today.

DELIVERY FREE in England and Wales. Scotland extra.

ROBERT H. HALL & CO. (Kent) LTD.
Dept. J.B.8, PADDOCK WOOD, KENT
(One of the Austin-Hall Group of Companies)

I never dreamed my teeth could look more attractive—

but they're whiter and brighter now I've changed to **Solidox**

1/1d INCL. TAX

—and I love its refreshing new flavour!

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD. SOL 149-361

CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS..

A SECRET YOU CAN ALL HEAR

It's worth a special visit to your Bush Dealer to hear the Bush AC.2 with Bi-focal Tone. If like me you merely have an ear for music, you'll be astonished by the improvement in quality. If you are at all technical you'll be delighted with the simplicity of the way it's done. The AC.2 is a 5-valve, 3-waveband Table Model *AC* Superhet. Price *Inc. Tax.* 38 GNS.

BUSH BI-FOCAL TONE RADIO

Bush Radio Ltd., Power Road, Chiswick, W.4.

roydsAB/4/11

GRATISPOOL

have Panchromatic Roll Films now available . . . exceptional value for Old Clients

Send crossed postal order for

8 exp. Panchromatic Film 20 & 8. 620 sizes 2/7

Price incl. Postage and Pur. Tax.

NOTE: *At controlled prices these films represent 33⅓% extra value for Gratispool customers.*

GRATISPOOL WILLIAM ST : GLASGOW C.3

End DRY SCALP—and see the difference!

Just look at these two pictures. On the left you see how Dry Scalp can ruin your hair. Takes all the life and gloss out of it. It won't stay in place. Bits of loose dandruff show, especially at the parting and on the coat collar. Now see the difference (*right*) when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. The hair has a natural, healthy gloss. And *no* dandruff! Massage gently with the Tonic every morning, but use sparingly, as it is still in short supply.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK BRAND **HAIR TONIC**

The Dressing that Ends Dry Scalp

P.S. WOMEN AND MEN! 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO IS NOW IN THE SHOPS AGAIN.

2749-1 Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

There are now two kinds of Elastoplast First Aid Dressings. The fabric Elastoplast you have known for years and a new, plastic skin dressing. Both provide immediate First Aid for all minor cuts and scratches. Being elastic they readily mould to all parts of the body and allow free movement of joints and knuckles. Both are flesh-coloured.

SAME CUT—DIFFERENT DRESSING

Waterproof Elastoplast—the new dressing—has been introduced more especially as protection when the wearer is working in contact with water, grease or oil. It has a non-catch surface and does not fray at the edges.

2 KINDS OF Elastoplast TRADE MARK

FIRST AID DRESSINGS—FABRIC OR WATERPROOF

BOTH IN RED TINS AT CHEMISTS

Work a Joy

when healthy kidney action has relieved rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

"I don't worry I take Doan's."

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains, urinary and bladder disorders.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well known kidney medicine has relieved these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4. *Ask your chemist for*

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

"THE WAR IN PICTURES"

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

SUPERB £6·6·0 SIX-VOLUME LIBRARY

AVAILABLE TO "JOHN BULL" READERS FOR ONLY . . . **35/-**

A PUBLISHING marvel! Over 1,700 pages and more than 2,000 dramatic, on-the-spot illustrations—the whole awe-inspiring spectacle of the Second World War—with its earth-shaking battles and outstanding events on all fronts vividly portrayed. The only complete pictorial record of World War II at such a remarkably low price. This magnificent six-volume library, the usual price of which would be at least £6 6s. 0d., brings within reach of all a full, unforgettable account of the most stirring and momentous years in living memory. An imperishable record—essential to every home library. Each volume uniformly bound, with title in gold, pictorial end-papers and attractive jacket. Set, in Standard Edition in durable bookcloth only 35/-. Set, in DE-LUXE EDITION, beautiful leathercloth, 41/-. Prices include postage, packing, insurance, etc. Only complete sets supplied.

Actual size of each page 9¼" × 6¼"

Over 1,700 pages. Over 2,000 amazing illustrations.

SEND NO MONEY NOW—ACT AT ONCE

Simply fill in and post Reservation Form (with 1d. stamp affixed) in 1d. unsealed envelope to Odhams Press Ltd., Book Dept., J.V.1., 49, Neal Street, London, W.C.2. This offer applies only in U.K. and Eire and all applications must be received by June 23rd.

POST NOW

FIX 1d. STAMP here to bring Privilege Certificate and Invoice with

FULL SATISFACTION GUARANTEE

—If you are not satisfied with these books and they are returned in good condition within 7 days your money will be refunded.

Reserve in my name the 6-Vol. Set of "War in Pictures" in edition shown below and send by return my Privilege Certificate and Invoice with special "FULL SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK" GUARANTEE. Cross out edition NOT required (a) STANDARD (b) DE LUXE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

J.V.1. 12/6/48

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED

A pharmaceutical Chemist was filling a cigarette lighter with petrol, which overflowed. At the first spark the whole lighter burst into flame, enveloping his hand, which blistered in a few seconds. He applied cotton wool, soaked with T.C.P., and in 20 minutes was able to wash his hands. (*Chemist's original letter on file at T.C.P. Laboratories*).

T.C.P. Regd

When you apply T.C.P., it not only protects you against germs. It also relieves pain, reduces inflammation and speeds up clean, natural healing. Because it is so much more than just an antiseptic—T.C.P. is invaluable for use in emergency. From all Chemists.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

presenting

Hazel Court

in

distinctively

DOLCIS

SANDALS

walk with

the stars

in

DOLCIS

J. ARTHUR RANK STARS WEAR DOLCIS SHOES

loving

Two ~~lonely~~ people . . .

She had watched the air-liner roar down from the blue.

Breathlessly she'd scanned the passengers. Then—Pamela's heart had stood still!

"Tony", she'd called. "Darling", he'd answered, waving.

Now they were alone together at last—after the months apart. All as before—except that lovely ring he'd just slipped on her finger . . . .

No wonder so many Snowfire girls are getting engaged! For Snowfire beauty creams make complexions so soft, flawless, *enchanting* . . . . , and Snowfire make-up gives such glamour. Let Snowfire bring you new loveliness . . . Snowfire Vanishing Cream, Matt Base, Cold Cream, Powder-Cream, Powder, Lipstick.

Snowfire

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

JB

Delightful Cosmetics for Women of Taste